THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE PALLIUM CONFERRED.

Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque Invested With the Insignia of His High and Holy Office.

Many Dignitaries of the Church Present From All Over the Earth—A Notable Banquet.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Sept. 17.—Probably the grandest ecclesiastical celebration that ever took place west of the Mississippi was witnessed here today. The occasion was the investiture of Archbishop Hennessy with the insignia of his high and holy office.

At no time anywhere in this country, except, perhaps, during the recent Catholic congress in Chicago, were so many distinguished prelates ever before gathered as within St. Raphael's cathedral today. Besides Monsignore Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons, nearly all the archbishops in the United States, a majority of the bishops, and more than three hundred priests were there. The hierarchies of England, Ireland and New Zealand were represented and there were notable churchmen from nearly every part of the habitable globe. The interest of the laity was shown in the thousands who crowded the church and filled the streets in the vicinity. Preparations for the event have been in progress for the past two months, and today found everything perfected. The interior of the cathedral, one of the most beautiful in the West, was appropriately decorated for the great ceremony, and long before the hour set was thronged in every part.

At 10:30 o'clock the procession of clergymen and assistants entered the sanctury, Archbishop Hennessy, Monsignore Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons being last. Monsignore Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons occupied raised seats of honor on one side of the altar and Archbishop Hennessy on the other, while about them were the following bishops and archbishops:

Monsignore Redwood, archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand; Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Coadjutor Archbishop Chappelle, of Santa Fe, N. M.; Archbishop Regan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee; Coadjutor Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago; Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati; Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco; Monsignore Gadd, Manchester, England; Monsignore Nugent, London, England; Very Rev. James O'Mahony, D. D., All Hallows' college, Ireland; Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic university, Washington, D. C.; Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla.; Bishop Gallagher, of Galveston, Texas; Bishop Heslin, of Natchez, Miss.; Bishop S. B. Ryan, of Buffalo, N.Y.; Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse, N.Y.; Bishop McDonnell, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Monsignore Farley, of New York city; Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, Ind.; Bishop Scanlon, of Salt Lake City, Utah; Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, Neb.; Bishop Scannell, of Omaha, Neb.; Bishop Glocieaux, of Idaho; Bishop John J. Hennessy, of Wichita, Kans.; Bishop O'Hara, of Scranton, Pa.; Bishop McGovern, of Harrisburg, Pa.; Bishop Horstman, of Cleveland, Ohio; Bishop Burke, of St. Louis, Mo.; Monsignore Zeininger, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Bishop Marti, of Sioux Falls, S. D.; Bishop McGolrick, of Duluth, Minn.; Bishop Schwebach, of LaCrosse, Wis.; Bishop Cotter, of Winona, Minn.; Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, Mo.; Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, Iowa.

Pontifical high mass was celebrated by Monsignore Satolli, assisted by the following: Deacon of the mass, Rev. J. J. Carroll, D. D.; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Leuhrsman; arch priest, Very Rev. Roger Ryan, deacons of honor, Revs. J. Fogarty and J. S. Bauman; master of ceremonies, Rev. P. J. Burke; assistants, Revs. J. J. Toomey and E. Heelan.

Cardinal Gibbons' deacons of honor were Very Revs. T. M. Lenehan, of Ft. Dodge, and Thomas Gunn, of Cedar Rapids. Monsignore Satolli's deacons of honor were Revs. Thomas Fogarty, of Dubuque, and P. J. McGrath, of Charles City. Archbishop Hennessy's deacons of honor were Revs. C. Johannes and John Banman, of Dubuque. The ceremony of conferring the pallium took place immediately after the mass. Cardinal Gibbons left his throne and, accompanied by Archbishops Ryan and Feehan, went to the altar, where he was seated on the faldistorium. There Archbishop Hennessy, vested in full pontificals, with the exception of gloves and miter, knelt before the cardinal and, with the book of gospels in hand, took a solemn oath of fidelity and obedience to the Holy See and its lawful representatives, which twenty-seven years ago, as a youthful priest and bishop elect of Dubuque, he took in the same cathedral at the knees of the venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis.

After the oath the cardinal and his assistant archbishops took from the altar the sacred pallium, and placing it on the shoulders of the kneeling archbishop repeated in Latin the prayer prescribed for such occasions. The cardinal and his assistants then retired to the gospel side of the altar and the new archbishop ascended the altar steps and as the first archbishop of Dubuque solemnly blessed the entire audience. This being over, the procession wended its way to the sacristy and Archbishop Hennessy retired followed by the prayers and pious aspirations of his priests and people that he, who is the first to wear the metropolitan honors of this diocese, may be long spared to promote its spiritual and temporal welfare. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who was a classmate of Archbishop Hennessy at Carondelet seminary, and who preached the sermon when he was made bishop twenty-seven years ago, and again on the occasion of the silver anniversary in September, 1891.

A banquet was tendered the visiting clergymen at St. Joseph's Catholic college, after the ceremony. Covers were laid for 500. The toasts and responses were as follows:

"Our Holy Father, Leo XIII;" response in Latin by Monsignore Satolli.

"The Hierarchy of the United States;" response by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul.

"Church and Country;" response by Archbishop Corrigan, of New York.

"Our Visitors;" response by Monsignore Nugent, London, England.

"Catholic Education as Exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition;" response by Bishop Keane, of Washington university.

"The Church at the Antipodes;" response by Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, New Zealand.

Address of the priests of the archdiocese of Dubuque to the new archbishop of Dubuque, Very Rev. B. C. Lenehan, of Boone, Iowa.

Following this came impromptu addresses by other distinguished prelates.

Archbishop John D. Hennessy, D. D., was born in county Limerick, Ireland, Aug. 20, 1825. In 1847 he came to America, going direct to Carondelet, near St. Louis, where he began his studies for the priesthood. His first mission was at New Madrid, Mo., where he entered upon his duties Jan. 20, 1851. Father Hennessy's parish embraced 6,000 miles of territory without a single mile of railroad. The hardships of frontier life soon told on the young priest, and a serious illness caused his removal to St. Louis. His next charge was St. Peter's church at Gravois, Mo., where he remained until 1854, when he was installed as vice-president of Carondelet seminary and professor of dogmatical theology and ecclesiastical history, the present Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, being the president. In 1857 Father Hennessy became president of the college, and the next year he went to Rome as the representative of Archbishop Kenrick. Returning in 1859 he spent a year in the St. Louis cathedral, and there became pastor of the church at St. Joseph, Mo. He remained there six years, when, on the death of Bishop Smyth, he was elected bishop of Dubuque, and was consecrated Sept. 20, 1866, by Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis.

When Bishop Hennessy came to Dubuque there were but forty-six priests in the diocese, but under his administration it grew so rapidly that in 1881 it was found necessary to divide it, Davenport being then made a see. In the present diocese of Dubuque there are now upward of 200 priests and 300 churches.

Bishop Hennessy's chief thought has been the Christian education of children, and he has become noted throughout the Catholic world for his zeal in this direction. The effect of his work is seen in this diocese, where the number of parochial schools has increased from two, the number when he came here, to more than 100, and the number of pupils attending from 70 to about 15,000.

Two years ago Bishom Hennessy celebrated his silver jubilee, an event that brought together many of the most prominent Catholic churchmen in the West. It was marked by one of the greatest demonstrations in the history of the State.

Archbishop Hennessy was the third bishop of Dubuque, his predecessors being Right Rev. Mathias Loras, D. D., who was consecrated in December, 1837, and died in February, 1858, and Right Rev. Clement Smyth, D. D., who was consecrated soon after the death of Bishop Loras, and who died Sept. 23, 1865. Archbishop Hennessy is the first archbishop of Dubuque, having been elected to that position May 13 last. His suffragan sees are Dubuque, Davenport, Omah, Lincoln and Cheyenne.

NOTICE

Is hereby given that for Sept. 30 we have already chartered eight of our mammoth six-horse coaches, to convey the different orders of Hibernians to the World's Fair and through the parade. We have but two of these mammoth coaches left, so hereby notify all orders, societies and private parties wanting coaches that orders for same will not be received after Sept. 26. Address all communications to Columbia Coach Company, No. 14 Jackson street.

Indorses "The Citizen."

[To the Editor.]

PIPER CITY, Ill., Sept. 16.—In a leading article of this date you say "Have we not had about enough of 'oiled speech' in connection with Irish affairs?" and again, "It is about time for the Irish Home Rulers to think of placing the fortunes of their struggle in other and sterner hands than their own."

I am in hearty agreement with you, and hope you will do your best to teach all Irishmen in this country to begin at once organizing along the lines of physical force. The Fenian outbreak and the Land League also, by the weapons of boycotting, etc., made impressions on England that begot improved laws for Catholics and struggling tenants of every denomination. To back up home rule we have nothing but talkee, talkee. If the executive of the National League of America would throw open their meeting on Oct. 2 to all good and true Irishmen, an organization might be formed for the equipment of our people which would help materially not only home rule, but the gaining of that perfect freedom which Emmet contemplated.

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY,
Pastor Catholic Church.

RODE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Graphic Description of An Excursion to Pike's Peak by a Young Lady of This City.

In the Midst of Summer, Travelers Are in Winter at That Dizzy Elevation.

[To the Editor.]

DENVER, Col., Sept. 11.—"Will you go by cog or carriage?" was the question when Mrs. Y. and I decided to take the trip to Pike's Peak. As the way by carriage was newer, rougher and more romantic, we promptly arranged to go by it in preference to the nineteenth century easier route, in an observation car.

After donning winter clothing, and taking extra wraps, we left Colorado Springs one warm morning in August, and traveled one hour by rail to Cascade, where we were to meet the carriages. I should have enjoyed the beautiful scenery on the way, as we passed Manitou, Ute Pass, and many other points of interest, if I had not been bathed in perspiration, for I was dressed for the coldest winter's day while here it was a burning hot August day. But our kind friends warned us of the necessity of warm clothing, and as we had many more keeping us company and looking equally miserable, we were forced to grin and wait for the wintry weather we were told to expect. We met the carriages at Cascade. They are specially built to make the rough and perilous journey comfortable; high coaches with strongly constructed springs, drawn by four horses, and capable of carrying fifteen people. On the side of each coach is written "Pike's Peak or Bust." After the five carriages were filled we started to ascend the Rocky Mountains, at 9 o'clock.

We had a very jolly crowd in our carriage, and we laughed and joked the entire distance. One old gentleman held a dissertation on flies during the entire trip, much to the amusement of his fellow passengers. No matter how grand the view or how perilous the ascent, he would always bring forth the remarks —"Notice how flies are found even at this height," "Flies are not quite so thick now," and finally when we reached the summit and all were gazing in speechless admiration at the country below, still he continued, "Wonderful, they are even found at this great height." When my friend asked, "What?" and he answered "Flies," we all marred the scene by uproarious laughter, but he was blissfully unconscious.

From the moment of starting the scene was one of intense interest. Sometimes we were on a ledge where we could look down thousands of feet, and where one misstep of the horses meant instant death. But little danger is felt, as the drivers are old, experienced men, and but one accident has occurred during this sixth season. Most of the points of interest are named after his Satanic Majesty, such as "Devil's Slide," which is a perpendicular slide with the water running over it on the side of the mountain, and most beautiful in the sunshine; "Devil's Punch Bowl," "Devil's Seat," and so on until I began to think it a most profane neighborhood. After riding for a couple of hours I began to think carriage riding over a rocky road not the pleasantest thing in the world—worse than burro riding even, as we had to hold on to each other to keep from tumbling out. I could not help thinking what a grand opportunity for engaged or newly married couples, as it is an absolute necessity to cling closely to one another. On my mentioning it the driver told me that it was a drive well patronized by them, and that last year a couple had been married on the summit. We reached the half-way house at 12:30 o'clock, and all were glad to stretch their bones and satisfy the inner man. The driver was most careful in helping us to alight, as many are likely to be overcome with the altitude and fall in stepping out. Only two days later a lady died from heart disease here, and many are overcome with dizziness. The half-way house was very cold and I sat eating a very good dinner with all my winter clothes, extra coat and mackintosh on, and still shivered. I then wondered if it was a possibility that I had been bathed in perspiration only a few hours ago.

After resting a few moments we again mounted and went over the roughest paths I ever hope to travel. We were tossed and tumbled, and I felt that I would have break-bone fever in all its force if the jolting did not cease soon. At one point called "Lover's Leap" we could look down 1800 feet, and ice was plainly visible on the mountain side all the way down. We all felt the necessity of our wraps, as it was icy cold. Many of the ladies were dizzy and sick, but I felt no ill effects, only I did wish it were a little smoother, and that we might reach the summit soon.

We finally reached Pike's Peak signal station at 3 o'clock, and there found a roaring fire and the best of lunches. Here they could teach the Midway Plaisance people how to charge, as every souvenir is sold at a high price. They charge 10 cents for a single sheet of paper and stamped envelope, and will only allow you to buy or send one letter. I wrote a letter home and impressed them with the fact that I was writing at a height of 14,147 feet, after ascending the highest and most wonderful road in the world, and could have had the pleasure of freezing to death in a snowstorm if I so desired, while they were sweltering in the dear old city of Chicago.

After drinking a cup of strong, black coffee, which was very invigorating, I went to view the country through the field glasses. Colorado Springs looked like a checker-board it was so regularly laid out; Prospect Lake could be seen, and the Garden of the Gods and Manitou were easily placed. We met some tourists who had walked to the summit, and I could not help gazing at them with envy and admiration, as they must be hardy climbers to have attempted it.

We left the summit at 4½ p. m., laden with photos of the sturdy, patient little builders of the road, for without the burros, able to endure the hardships and burdens, I would never have been able to make the journey to the Peak with so much ease and comfort. The descending trip was quick enough even to suit me, and I closed my eyes in terror at times as the leaders went so near the edge that one step more and they would have been over, and we would all have solved the great problem. It was very exciting, and the grandest and fastest drive one could desire. It was 7 o'clock in the evening when we reached Colorado Springs, tired, hungry, and burned red by the sun and wind, but satisfied with having taken the grandest trip in the world. STELLA V. HENNESSY.

A PLEA FOR IRISH UNITY.

[To the Editor.]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 18, 1893.—The Home Rule bill was defeated by the house of lords. The action of that house was no surprise to the friends of the Home Rule measure, as a majority of the people in Ireland and in this country predicted that its defeat was a foregone conclusion. The men who compose the house of lords are men whom Ireland never can expect any just measures from. Their legislative mission is to rivet chains of tyranny upon the people of Ireland. The action of the lords in rejecting the Home Rule bill ends for the present the hope of self-government for Ireland. What course Mr. Gladstone and his party may pursue will be anxiously looked for by the friends of home rule everywhere. What course will the Irish parliamentary party and the Irish people pursue in the future? Unity among the Irish parliamentary party and the Irish people in Ireland should be their first political action. The Irish parliamentary party and the Irish people in Ireland being divided during the last three years did the Irish cause a great injury. Had they heeded and taken the good advice of THE CITIZEN they would bury all differences, and unity would be effected among their party and people. I embody in this letter a cablegram, of recent date, which explains itself:

"The dispute among the anti-Parnellites over the disposition of the Paris fund seems to be nearing a settlement. Michael Davitt and John Dillon, who were appointed to confer with Joseph Kenny, representing the Parnellites, as to the release of the fund, recognized the claim of the Parnellites to £16,000 as due to them when the fund was lodged. The Healy faction disapproved of conceding such a large sum. Justin McCarthy, leader of the anti-Parnellites, finding it impossible to reconcile the disputants, has decided to take the management of negotiations into his own hands, as one of the original trustees of the fund. The party has indorsed his action by passing a special vote of confidence in him. John Barry, Parnellite M.P. for South Wexford county, threatens to withdraw from parliament on account of the dispute over the fund. He is opposed to granting the Parnellites the sum conceded by Davitt and Dillon and wishes to have the bulk of the money alloted among the evicted tenants."

I believe that if the above Paris fund was thrown into the sea the friends of Ireland in America would not care, as we would hear no more about it; though in the present dull times and scarcity of money it may be the means of helping the Irish cause if a general election came off soon, providing both parties became united.

I call attention to the great demonstration at the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago on the 30th of this month. I would like to impress on that gathering the necessity of healing the division in the Irish National ranks in Ireland, as that demonstration will be composed of Irish-American representatives from all over the United States, it should take that question under consideration and give its verdict against factionism, knowing neither McCarthyite nor Parnellite, Redmondite or factionite, but one solid National party.

The National party in Ireland has enough to contend against when it has the Tory party, the landlords and the Irish Orangemen to fight. I am satisfied that a verdict coming from that great meeting at the World's Fair, on Sept. 30, will be the cause of re-uniting the divided parties in Ireland, and once united the National party will have the full strength of their kindred in America to co-operate with them in their struggle for home rule, besides once united the Irish National party will go hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, with the English, Scotch and Welsh democracy and drive the Tory party and the house of lords to the wall.

JAMES KILLELEA,
President Parnell Branch Irish National League of America.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives nerve and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills are easy in action.

IRELAND'S MINSTRELSY.

Interesting Paper on the Subject by One Well Qualified by Nature and Education to Throw Light Upon It.

How the Irish Harp Happened to Become the National Instrument of the Welsh, as Well as of Their Milesian Kindred.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The first performance of harmonized sound in Ireland seems to have been what the bards termed "swelling out." This was played on the harp with two hands and gave a species of four-part harmony. In the impassioned outbursts of war songs, in recitals of valiant deeds and incitement to revenge, an accompaniment of this description was most effective. The learned Dr. O'Conor, in a letter to the historian Walker, thus speaks of it: "Our ancients in Ireland were far from being strangers to the power of harmonized sound, in directing as well as exciting the human passions."

In the Topographia Hibernia of Giraldus Cambrensis we find the following eulogy on the skill of the Irish bards. The writer had visited Ireland in the suite of Henry II. in the year 1171; and such was his rapture in listening to the music of the Irish harpists that he, unhesitatingly, pronounced their music superior to anything he had heard in other countries. He says: "The attentention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation; in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of any other nation I have seen; for in these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as in the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed, but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how in such rapidity of the fingers the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout in the midst of their complicated modulations and most intricate arrangement of notes, by a rapidity so sweet, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant, the melody is rendered harmonious and perfect, whether the chords of the Diatessaron or Diapente are struck together; yet they always begin in a soft mood, and end in the same, that they may all be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sound. They enter on, and again leave their modulations with so much subtility, and the tinglings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the deep notes of the bass, delight with so much delicacy, and sooth so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to be in concealing it."

The great Welsh ecclesiastic's description of the musical effects of Irish bards may seem rather crude to the modern musician and not very accurate, but enough may be gathered from this statement to indicate that the bards, in whose performance "the tinglings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the deep notes of the bass," were accomplished masters of some species of counterpoint, the rules of which have never reached us either traditionally or in a written form. There is a primitive beauty and freshness in the Irish melodies, even those of modern times, which must strike the cultivated musician as being radically distinct and free from the features of modern music. This fact can only be attributed to one cause—the influence of the modes or scales practiced by the bards for many centuries.

The system of psalmody adopted from the Hebrews by St. Ambrose and by him applied to the existing oriental Grecian modes, was that which was introduced into Ireland by St. Patrick, and which was cultivated with religious zeal by the ecclesiastics, who added, occasionally, the soft tones of the harp to those primitive and pathetic canticles. The Ambrosian chant employed the four principal modes of the Greeks, viz.: the Dorian, Phrygian, Æolian and Ionic. If we now compare some of our original national melodies with these scales we shall perceive that much of the originality and peculiar construction of those airs may be ascribed to their being composed in scales or modes of the Ambrosian chant; and one may naturally conclude that the practice of this style of music for ages could not be without its effect on the secular music of a highly impressionable people, and doubtless much of the peculiar pathos in the Irish folk music may be traced directly to this cause.

There was no want of a complete and perfect scale in the Irish music, for we have in those modes our modern major and minor diatonic scales, besides those other modes which served, to some extent, the object of modulation. In illustration let us take the *clairseach*, or larger harp, tuned in the Ionic mode or key of C, and we have the modern diatonic scale in the major mode, with the semi-tones between the third and fourth and the seventh and eighth intervals. In this class we may place such beautiful melodies as the "Coolin," the "Paistheen Fionn," and the "Fox's Sleep." There are a number of other exquisitely beautiful and pathetic melodies belonging to this class which employ all the intervals of a diatonic major scale. Without any alteration in the tuning of the harp, merely making A the beginning of the scale, we have the Æolian mode, similar to our minor scale descending. It is in this mode that the tenderest of our melodies, "Shule Aroon," is written.

One of the favorite modes of the bards was the perfect Phrygian, which is almost similar to our E minor descending. Seldon tells us that "to this mode the Irish were almost wholly inclined;" a remark which seems very true, inasmuch as many of our most exquisite airs are rendered in this impassioned mode. "Lough Sheeling," the "Renardine," the very ancient melody of the deceitful stranger, and that glorious air, "Thy Fair Bosom," to which Moore has wedded his magnificent poem "Night Closed Around," are splendid specimens of this class. It is in this Celtic or Phrygian mode that the ancient melody of the "Lament of Deindre for the Sons of Usnach" is chanted by the peasantry.

The foregoing examples are sufficient to illustrate the remarkable co-incidence of our ancient national melodies with the early ecclesiastical music which so embodies the modes of the East. By the internal evidence afforded by their peculiarity of construction and the singularly expressive character of the airs themselves, it may safely be reasoned that the primitive simplicity and pathos of the church music, and the construction and mode of tuning the harp, are in the main responsible for the originality and expression which our national music possesses in such a remarkable degree; to these causes may also be added those other characteristic features which constitute the physiognomy of the country and give a national stamp to its music.

Having noted the early age of musical culture among our bards whose magical influence in the field, in the banquet hall and in the council had more to do with shaping the destinies of Ireland than all other causes combined; having glanced at the introduction of the Ambrosian chant by the Christian missionaries, the advent of which marks the beginning of the great Irish school of music, and whose oriental freshness and weird pathos gave to our sweetest national melodies their peculiar beauty, originality and expression; we must admit that the culture of the divine art in the "Land of Song" was carried to a marvellous degree long before the development of musical science on the continent, and the bards were acquainted with a system of counterpoint or harmony, the performance of which was made possible by the capabilities of the harp, the national instrument, whose thrilling sweetness could be drawn forth by both hands. When we consider that not only the bards were proficient in the art, but that all classes of people in Ireland cultivated it, having for ages been accustomed to listen to the stirring strains of the bards, and as the learned antiquarian Walker tells us that every hero and virgin could touch the harp, and that at the feast of shells when the instrument was handed around so that each one of the company might in turn modulate his voice to its soft tones, not to be able to sweep its chords in a masterly manner was a disgrace even to royalty; few will hesitate to concur in the opinions of our historians generally, that Ireland was at an early period, not only the sanctuary of religion, but the repository of fine arts, of which music was not the least important, and the seat of learning in the west; and as in those days she was known as the "Isle of Saints," so we may in all justice join the bardic writers in calling her the "Land of Song."

MARSHAL FOR IRISH DAY.

Mr. T. E. Ryan, ex-West Side Assessor, Elected to fill that Important Position.

Last Sunday afternoon, the various Irish societies comprehended in the Irish-American council, met in convention at Fitzgerald's hall. There were 400 delegates, representing ninety-nine societies. John Foley, president of the council occupied the chair. While waiting for the committee on credentials to report, Bartle McCarthy, of Dublin, sung "Sweet Kitty Neil" which he has dedicated to Lady Aberdeen. Mr. McCarthy was encored and responded with the popular ballad, "Nora, the Pride of Kildare."

Speeches were delivered by William Dillon, of this city, brother of John Dillon, M. P., Father M. O'Sullivan, John T. Keating and County Commissioner Kelly. Mr. Timothy E. Ryan was elected marshal for Irish Day.

On motion of H. K. Jordan, representing the executive committee, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this convention of representatives of the various Irish-American societies requests all business men who favor the celebration of Irish Day at the World's Fair to close their places of business on Sept. 30 in order to give their employes an opportunity to be present on that important occasion.

Resolved, That each delegate to this convention be constituted a committee of one to wait upon those doing business in the vicinity where he resides and inform them of our action and invite their compliance therewith.

William Dillon said he had letters from the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party, saying that a successful demonstration on Irish Day would greatly strengthen the hands of Gladstone and the Home Rulers.

The following were among those present: Colonel F. T. Colby, E. F. Ryan, County Commissioner O'Connell, P. J. Cahill, J. T. Keating, Frank Ryan, J. S. Hyland, Captain J. Byrne, P. L. McArdle, County Commissioner Kelly, Timothy Ryan, H. K. Jordan, Cornelius O'Donnell, Captain J. P. Coan, William Dillon, Richard Quin, Edward Quin, William McCoy, Edmond Nolan, Lawrence Buckley.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued).

There was little further conversation until the detachment halted before the north gate of Dundalk. Col. O'Neill, the English officers, and a small party of the Ulster troops, were admitted into the town to obtain the powder—the object of the march. Scarcely had our hero reined in his steed before the gate, when a trooper strode up to him and handed him a note.

"Not quite a *billet-doux*, my brave captain," said the man, with an insolent laugh. "I await the answer; it shall be 'Yes' or 'No.'"

O'Tracy started at the voice, and looked sharply in the face of the speaker, who met his scrutiny with a leer of cool bravado, which changed to a glare of savage malice. He now started violently in his saddle, for he recognized the villain, Emon O'Hugh, whom he had first met on the occasion of Lord Caulfield's murder; again on the Sligo shore, when Teige Reagh O'Dowda delivered him from the miscreant's power; and lastly, in the streets of Galway, when O'Hugh's murderous blade passed through the brave heart of Captain Skerrett. And now, here he was face to face once more with the murderer and renegade.

"Aha! you know me, do you?" exclaimed O'Hugh, in a tone of increasing defiance; but that instant Edmund sprang from his saddle, seized the wretch by the throat with a grip of iron, and with one effort dashed him violently to the ground.

At this point two or three of his brother officers rushed forward, and interposed between him and his prostrate foe, expressing their surprise at the occurrence, and demanding an explanation.

"Comrades all," cried O'Tracy, fiercely, "stand aside and let me do justice on the foulest villain on the face of God's earth. Black-hearted assassin, you shall not escape me!"

"Have a care, my merry blade; know you not that you are in the hornet's nest? Know, imp of perdition, ere thou'dst measure bilbo with me you must e'en try carte and tierce with another—he who sent me to you. Just cast your eye on that bit of writing, will you?"

Edmund turned his attention to the missive he had received, which, in his excitement he had crumpled up in his hand. He opened it out, and read, in large sprawling characters, the words:

"Bring a companion with you and follow the bearer, who will take you to the ground. Sword and dagger, viper, and may the best man win. HARRISON."

Tearing the note to pieces he tossed the fragments to the wind, and turned at once to the second officer in command of the detachment, a colonel of horse, Brian Roe O'Neill, who was a surprised observer of the scene.

"Colonel, I have an affair of honor on hand, which brooks no delay. Will you be my friend?"

"Your second? Well, that depends, you see"—and the sabreur curled his great mustaches in a rather irresolute manner—"you see, I hold command in in the absence of Phelim, and—tush! by the beard of Red Hugh, I'll never spoil sport! Maguire, look to the men, if you please, till my return; I shall be back in a flash of gunpowder. Lead me now, me bouchal! I'm to your back through this business."

"Follow me, an't please you," said O'Hugh, tartly, and turning on his heel, in the direction of a grove near at hand.

Throwing their horses' reins to one of their comrades, the pair quitted the detachment. Following O'Hugh, they plunged into the recesses of the grove, and soon found themselves in a pleasant glade. It was one of nature's most delicious retreats. The sunlit sward was carpeted with soft green moss; from the depths of the wood came the soft cooing of amatory doves, mingled with the merry whistle of the blackbird; under the dark, cool shade of the trees a crystal brook leaped and babbled along, blending the silvery music of its tiny cataracts with the wild bird's melody; while all around, save where the bosom of the beautiful bay was visible through an opening in the foliage, were ranged the trunks of stately trees, some of them old and guarled, and draped with ivy, "like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms." But the delightful sylvan temple of nature, was now to be profaned by the bitter, unrelenting feud of vindictive man.

"Ha, so you've come, my bold cavalier! What infernal pit has held you for the last five years, eh? and how fares that bonny fair one of Leitrim? Bided ye well or ill since old Bell—confound his tender heart!—cheated the sharks of their lawful prey?"

'Twas a loud, harsh voice, full of insolent malice and bravado, that rang through the glade; and Edmund recognized his sworn enemy, Gilbert Harrison, in one of two men who now advanced towards him. The second man was Owen O'Connolly, whose eyes gleamed with the bitterest rancor and malice.

"Well, by my faith and honor, right glad am I to meet you, if only for the sake of old times. Many a fond inquiry have I made for you since I parted company with you last May five years on the deck of the worthy Captain Swanley, but all in vain. 'Fore heaven, man, I thought Satan had got his own long since, and was surprised when my friend Col. Connolly here, with whom I've compared notes of you, brought me news of your coming. Anyhow, the old one shall not have a much longer wait for his prey. Here, dog of a rebel, is your passport to ruin."

With a fierce, nervous jerk, Harrison drew his long cavalry sword, and then unbuckled the empty scabbard, which he threw on the ground. Placing himself in a fighting attitude, he inquired:

"Well, friend, are you ready?"

For answer, Edmund followed the example of his enemy. Drawing his sword and divesting himself of its sheath, he confronted Harrison, and awaited the signal for commencing the combat.

"You are satisfied, no doubt?" said O'Connolly to O'Tracy s second.

"Ay, in troth," replied the Ulster cavalier; "there is little time for the niceties of the duello, so at it they go *cap-a-pie*—a pitched battle, in fact—and heaven prosper the right! To it, my children."

"Commence," said O'Connolly, and the blades of the combatants clashed together. The three witnesses of the contest looked on with keen and absorbing interest, for all three knew that the duel was of the sanguinary type known as a *combat-a-l'outrance*, a fight to the death!

At the outset both combatants were wary and cautious to a great degree, cool and calculating in the saving movement and heavy pressure of blade against blade, by which each tested the strength of the other's arm, and quick and watchful in the first lightning-like interchange of thrust and parry. It soon became evident that both were admirable swordsmen, brilliant and expert in the use of their blades, and well versed in every abstruse trick of the sword—in every method of cut and thrust, feint and parry. The parrying was chiefly done with the dagger, which each adversary grasped in his left hand, and deftly and neatly was every deadly glancing stroke and lunge turned aside. Five minutes, and the combatants had tried and failed in nearly all their stratagems and crotchets of swordsmanship; ten minutes, and the perspiration was streaming heavily from the faces of both, and their passes and movements had become less agile; fifteen, twenty minutes, and the ominous clash, clash of the Toledo blades had become monotonous and dull, and it was fearful to witness the exhausted condition of the mortal foes, and see the desperate panting efforts made by each to pierce the heart of the other. Only once had blood been drawn on either side: a slight stab in his left shoulder had stained the sleeve of Harrisoq's tunic with blood, while a thin red stream was trickling over O'Tracy's collar from a deep scratch in his neck, the result of a narrow shave of his opponent's sword.

But the deadly combat was not destined to be prolonged much further. An Ulster soldier bounded into the glade and whispered a few words in the ear of O'Neill, and without more ado the latter drew his sword and beat down the weapons of the combatants.

"A truce, gentlemen both," he exclaimed; "we have to march at once, so Capt. O'Tracy must be held excused. Dhar mo lamh, my braves, 'tis many a year since I've seen so pretty an affair; it did my heart good while it lasted. Put up your blades, friends, and keep them for the skins of Murrough the Burner and his cutthroats."

"No, by heaven!" cried O'Connolly, furiously, rushing forward; "the duel must continue. Stand back, sir—stand back!"

"Keep off; the fight is to the death," growled Harrison.

"To the death be it;—please leave us room, colonel," said our hero.

"Stand back, fellow;—stand back, I say," repeated Owen O'Connolly.

"Who dare bid Brian Roe O'Neill stand back?" ejaculated the Ultonian sabreur, sharply and haughtily, addressing the last speaker; "who dares call him a 'fellow?' Is't thou, thou spawn of vilest treachery? Oho! Owen O'Connolly, I've heard of thee, though I've only become acquainted with thine evil visage today. Nay, never scowl on me, dog; at a proper time and place this good sword by my side shall await your gracious pleasure, though loath I am to cross blades with an unhanged miscreant. Come, O'Tracy, our men await us; your quarrel will keep, and no soldier of Owen Roe's should be deaf to the call of duty."

With a final glance of comtemptuous defiance at O'Connolly and his principal, he linked his arm in that of O'Tracy, and wheeled the latter away from the scene of combat.

Scarcely had the twain proceeded half-a-dozen yards, when the report of a pistol rang through the wood, and a ball whistled between their heads. Turning on the moment, both caught sight of the figure of Emon O'Hugh—again at his ruffianly work of assassination—dashing off through the trees from the spot where the smoke of the powder was still hanging over the underwood. Quick as thought O'Neill drew a pistol and fired, but missed.

"The murderous reptile!" he exclaimed. "God be praised, his aim was false. Come, now, let us hasten to our party."

One hasty look Edmund cast back in the direction of his enemies, and, as he caught the eye of Harrison, that individual, who was leaning on his sword, wiping the perspiration from his brow, raised and shook towards him his clenched hand.

In a few minutes more our hero, after having partaken of some little refreshment, was again in the saddle, riding along in the troop of horse, and with his back turned to Dundalk.

The twenty barrels of gunpowder stipulated for in the treaty between Owen Roe and General Monk had been delivered by the latter to the commander of the Irish detachment, whose duty it was to convey it in safety to his general in the county Armagh. The powder was carried on two lumbering wains with solid wheels, and was drawn along in the midst of the Irish footmen, while the troop of cavalry rode in the rear. In this way Col. Phelim MacTool O'Neill disposed his little force for the return journey.

The men were in great spirits at the now all but complete success of their mission, and looked forward with satisfaction to the hearty welcome which they and the much-required powder should meet with in the camp of Owen Roe. Little apprehension of danger had the gallant fellows, and yet danger was near and imminent.

It was more than a month since Ormond had marched, at the head of an immense army, numbering about 25,000 men, to attack the Puritans. With the major portion of this vast force, called the "King'sArmy Royal," which, on account of its strength and equipment was compared to the army of King Darius, the lord lieutenant was besieging Dublin, while his general, Lord Inchiquin, known to the Irish as "Murrough the Burner," was closely and successfully investing Drogheda, also held for the parliament. At Drogheda, Inchiquin had tidings of the course of affairs at Dundalk, about eighteen miles off, and at once determined to intercept, if possible, the powder destined by Monk for O'Neill.

The powder and its escort had passed Castletown by about a mile, and were traversing a pass through a bog to the north of that place, when the presence of the enemy became manifest. O'Tracy and his late second were riding side by side, discussing leisurely the "affair of honor" which had lately been interrupted, when the sudden blast of a trumpet in their rear attracted their attention. Turning their heads, they saw rapidly approaching, about a mile off, a long, glittering column of cavalry, numbering about two hundred sabres.

"Friends or foes?" exclaimed our hero inquiringly.

"Foes, by the sword of Conn!" cried O'Neill. "If that be not a royalist trumpet call, may I never cross charger more. Close up, my boys; look to your musketoons, and blow your fuses;—there's battle in the air."

Obedient to the command, the cavalry wheeled about and confronted the enemy, although the narrow causeway did not admit of their falling into line. The infantry were already courting the fray, and a hundred musketeers—about half the actual Irish force engaged on this occasion—were already extending in skirmishing order, and treading the moorland on either side of the causeway, as they advanced *en tirailleur* to meet the hostile cavalry. Soon came the irregular patter of musketry, which lasted not long until the royalist cavalry—a force detached by Inchiquin, under the command of Col. Marcus Trevor of Rostrevor—were seen retiring in disorder. "Victory, as I live!" exclaimed Col. O'Neill; "now, my children, comes our turn. Spare your powder, and do the work with cold steel—forward!"

Forward at a rapid trot went the troop of cavalry, headed by their gallant leader, who, however, had reckoned without his host; for now the united call of many trumpets echoed over the moorland, and a strong body of cavalry was seen advancing at full speed to the aid of the discomfited royalists. It was an additional force of 300 horse, commanded by the sanguinary Inchiquin in person.

And now, their burnished helmets and breastplates glittering in the sunshine, their gay colored banners flaunting in the air, and their bugles blowing a united charge, this overwhelming force bore down on the inferior number of the Irish. For a time the latter made a manly and veteran-like resistance, but one fierce and determined onset swept the causeway from end to end. All was over? One hundred and twenty of the Irish were sabred in their ranks, several of them made prisoners (who were afterwards held to ransom), and all the powder captured save one barrel, which was carried off by an Ulster horseman.

The next morning our hero was among the number of survivors of the fray, who rode weary and despondent into the camp of Owen Roe.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

MANY LOST ANIMALS.

OVER SEVENTY NOW EXTINCT KNOWN BY THEIR FOSSILS.

Australia's Contribution to the World's Supply of Bones Leads to Some Interesting and Suggestive Speculations Relating to Early History.

The surprises experienced in the study of "this fair volume which we world do name" are inexhaustible, and it often happens that in the most unexpected places discoveries of incalculable value to science are made. Such at least is the case in regard to the wonderful find of mammoth bones, of which accounts have been received from Mr. Hurst and his companions, who were sent to Lake Mulligan by the museum board. A more apparently uninteresting and forsaken spot than this locality could not be found in the whole of Australia. When Captain Sturt, along with Dr. Browne and Mr. John McDougall Stuart, went northwest from Menindie on the River Darling in 1884, he came into a great stony desert lying to the eastward of Lake Frome, and the party endured the most terrible hardships from the frightfully barren nature of the country and the extraordinary heat of the weather.

In such a country it was only too plain that no living being could exist, and indeed the utter absence of life in any form was one of the weirdest characteristics of the whole region. Lying between the Grey range on the east and with Mount Searle, Mount Freeling, Mount Hopeless and other eminences on the west, this stony desert contains many dreary saltpans, and of these Lake Mulligan is one of the principal. Sturt got to about the middle of the plain and found the country so utterly forbidding and lifeless that he reluctantly retraced his steps once more to the haunts of civilization, where he gave such a disheartening account of his travels that for many years it was currently asserted that the whole of the interior of Australia consisted of one vast stony desert, in which it was scarcely possible that any living thing could exist.

What a different picture of the past history of this country is brought to light by the new discoveries! Mount Searle, which rises to a height of 3,000 feet above sea level and forms the culminating point of the range between Lake Frome and Lake Torrens, was probably at the period of which we speak fully twice that elevation. On its sides grew huge trees, and all around there was a dense tropical growth exceeding in luxuriance the forests of the eastern slopes of the Andes in South America. Every form of life on the whole earth was at that time huge and uncouth. The wombats, of which the bones have now been unearthed, were as large as bullocks. On the grassy plains at the foot of the mountains there roamed the diprotodon, a gigantic animal allied to the kangaroo in its structure and habits, but of a size between a rhinoceros and an elephant.

Of very far-reaching significance is the story which is told by these mute relics of a remote age. It has often been observed by naturalists that the types of animals from which, in distant geological periods, the existing fauna of Australia and of America have been derived, present a strange correspondence. Great dissimilarities no doubt may be pointed out, but on the other hand the resemblances are much greater than, for instance, can be made out with regard to the existing animals of Australia and of Africa. It would seem as if, in fact, some of the species of animals now inhabiting South America had been evolved from the same original types as those of Australia. Marsupial or pouch bearing animals are to be found on the other as well as on this side of the Pacific. The types are different, but sufficiently akin to denote a common ancestry. Where, then, may we look for the traces of those animals which were the progenitors of the fauna of both sides of the Pacific ocean?

A probable answer is now being supplied through the conjecture that within a comparatively recent geological period there existed a great Pacific continent. The sea has covered almost the whole of its vast area, and only a few of its mountain peaks yet exist in the form of islands dotting over the surface of the great peaceful ocean. Whether man was on the earth at any time during the period of the existence of this continent must probably remain a moot point, but the existence of remains of buildings on some of the Pacific islands resembling those of the race who preceded the Aztecs of South America has been pointed to as a proof that such was the case.

At the remote time when the bones of these newly discovered marsupials were instinct with life it would seem most likely that the higher portions of Australia formed the outlying peninsulas or islands of the Pacific continent, and perhaps the line of the present Lakes Frome, Mulligan and Gregory was the shore of a large sea, from which clouds would be formed by evaporation and condensed in the form of rain. In no other way can we account for the existence on the slopes of the ranges of Mounts Freeling, Sears and Hopeless of such gigantic vegetation as would be required to sustain the monstrous fauna of those days. Imagination stands appalled at the effort to conceive the vastness of the time which has elapsed since these forms of animal life became extinct. Yet, as Hugh Miller once remarked: "What a mere beginning of geological history does not the epoch of the old coast line form? It is but a starting point from the recent period. Not a single shell seems to have become extinct during the last 6,000 years."—Adelaide Observer.

A Great Combination.

The man who was seen driving through Camden last week with a rowboat and a coffin box on the same team was highly complimented for his thoughtfulness. There is nothing like being ready for any emergency which may arise, and this traveler seemed to understand it.—Bangor Commercial.

A Vile Lie In the Filliery.

Weeks before the royal wedding it was openly whispered that the Duke of York, a gallant sailor and a gentleman, had made a false step, had been forgetful of his princely and knightly duties and obligations, and had, in fact, been secretly married and involved himself in a mesalliance, repugnant to his sense of honor and illegal in the eyes of the well known statute law. That law is simple. None of our blood royal can legally contract marriage without the consent of the reigning sovereign. Morganatic marriages have been recognized as such, and such love inspired sanctity as attaches to these unions when faithfully adhered to. The world knows all about them and sympathizes with them. But what said the quidnuncs, the tattlers, the irresponsible, the chattering sparrows who build under the eaves of palaces?

Blankly this, that George of Wales was married; that the name of the place and the name of the lady, alleged to be the daughter of a naval officer of high degree, were known, and both names and places changed and fluctuated as the price of scandal shares rose or fell in the gossip market. Like ill winds, the ugly rumor grew apace over the dinner table and afternoon teapot. Men talked of it—more shame to them—women murmured it with giggles and innuendo; the very "outsiders" got hold of it, and all the time the story was positively and absolutely untrue. Think you for an instant that the head of our church would have married our prince and princess had he not first satisfied himself, as we have reason to know he did, that the silly story was wholly untrue, absolutely baseless? The question carries its own answer. We contradict it directly with authority.—London Gentlewoman.

A Woman Who Got Along.

The ability of a woman to get on alone in the world is sometimes questioned by her big brothers. But there are plenty of instances where women have been left in circumstances which would try the powers of the stoutest hearted man to the utmost and have come out triumphant. One of these was mentioned to a reporter the other day in connection with a rough side hill farm in a remote part of an inland town. "There," said our informant, pointing to the place, "lived Aunt Abby S—— when her husband died. She then had three small children, and another was born soon after. The farm was in poor condition and had about all the mortgage it could bear. Her husband's old father, feeble and fussy, was left on her hands.

"Did she send the old man to the poor farm, think you? Not a bit of it. She kept him a year or two, and he was so fussy she couldn't live with him. Then she hired a neighbor to take him, and she paid his board 12 years, when he died. She raised her children and brought the farm into good condition. She paid the mortgage, and when she died she left a good property free and clear of all debts. The boys hadn't the old lady's spunk, for there's a mortgage up there now, and nothing in the world but laziness did it. They had everything left ready to their hands and ain't had no drawbacks, 'cept losin their mother, but somehow the weeds have got the start of 'em, and I guess they'll keep it."—Lewiston Journal.

Will's Grave.

"That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch door; that heap of earth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooley's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! But how came such a shocking deed to be done?"

"Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there were bribery and false swearing, and an unjust judge came down—and the jury all bad rascals, tin and copper men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish, and they buried the grave, and they sowed the grass 20 times over, but 'twas all no use, nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but, Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooley was accused of; what had he done?"

"Done, sir! Done! Nothing whatever but killed the excise man!"—Rev. R. S. Hawker.

In Northern Alaska.

Juneau is the most northerly stopping place on the regular Alaska excursion route, and while it is not sufficiently near the pole to meet the midnight sun there is time during the summer season of the year for a good deal of light work.

What most troubles strangers is to know when to go to bed. The sun is apparently unwilling to pass and leaves its halo behind.

Twilight waits for dawn, or if there is an interval between I have not discovered it. It is not difficult to read ordinary print at 11 o'clock, and sitting on the deck at midnight (the ship keeps San Francisco time) watching the shadows cast upon the smooth water and the snowcapped peaks at a few miles distance is not uncomfortable with an overcoat.—Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.

The Tapping of the Deathwatch.

The so called deathwatch, dreaded by the superstitious, is a small beetle which has a very powerful joint in its neck and calls its taste by tapping with its head on the wall or on any surface where it may happen to be located. The noise is similar to that which may be produced by tapping with the finger nails on a table, and the insect can frequently be made to answer such taps.—New York Evening Sun.

Why They Would Not Kiss the Stone.

A correspondent is guilty of being the originator of the following joke: "Many people would not kiss the Blarney stone at the World's fair if they knew it was merely a sham-rock."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. McQuade's Crest.

"Dinnis," said Mr. Hurlihy to Mr. McQuade, "since the grocery business has prospered so foine wid ye, an you're puttin on the bit av shtyle, you'd oughter be after havin a crist an a monnygrum, man, along wid everything ilse." "A crist an a monnygrum," repeated Mr. McQuade dubiously, "an shure, where would Oi be afther foindin 'em?"

"A monnygrum's aisy made in a minute by a tasty man," said Mr. Hurlihy, with condescension. "Oi c'd twine yez a D, an an M, an a Q if Oi once put me moind to it, but a crist ain't quite so simple. It's got t' be an animile or a figger av some sort that'll have a riference to the faythers an gran'faythers av yez, an sometimes there's a couple av wurruds goes wid it."

"Phwat kind av wurruds?" inquired Mr. McQuade.

"A motter, man, settin out the principles av yure family an ancisthors," replied Mr. Hurlihy, with a comprehensive wave of his hands.

"No nade for yez to say anny more," cried Mr. McQuade, with an expression of great relief. "Oi'm thinkin Dinnis McQuade'll have a crist wid the best av 'em if that's phwat's wanted."

"An what'll it be?" inquired Mr. Hurlihy.

"A hin," said Mr. McQuade, with decision, drawing an imaginary biped in the air with a sturdy forefinger; "a hin wid a broight eye on her, fer round head bint forrud an her legs jist a-goin, an round the head av her the wurruds that gran'faythers shpoke to me faythers manny's the toime when wurruk was slow comin an faythers was loike to fale discooraged. 'Kape scratchin!' the ould man 'd say, an good advoice it was. Oi'm thinkin there aint manny c'd have a betther crist than the McQuade's!"—Youth's Companion.

Why We Do Not Take Scalps.

If war is unhappily still prevalent, it is at least not war in which every clan is fighting with its neighbors, and where conquest means slavery or extirpation. Millions of men are at peace within the limits of a modern state and can go about their business without cutting each other's throats. When they fight with other nations, they do not enslave nor massacre their prisoners.

Taking the purely selfish ground, a Hobbes can prove conclusively that everybody has benefited by the social compact which substituted peace and order for the original state of war. Is this, then, a reversal of the old state of things—a combating of a "cosmic process?" I should rather say that it is a development of the tacit alliances and a modification so far of the direct or internecine conflict. Both were equally implied in the older conditions, and both still exist. Some races form alliances, while others are crowded out of existence. Of course I cease to do some things which I should have done before.

I don't attack the first man I meet in the street and take his scalp. The reason is that I don't expect that he will take mine, for if I did fear that, even as a civilized being, I should try to anticipate his intentions. This merely means that we have both come to see that we have a common interest in keeping the peace. And this, again, merely means that the alliance which was always an absolutely necessary condition of the survival of the species has now been extended through a wider area.—Contemporary Review.

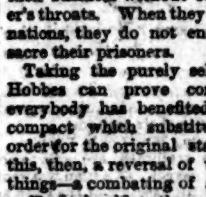
Two Views of Scripture Reading.

At the American chapel at Luzerne a Protestant Episcopal minister from this country (low church) read the lessons with such naturalness of manner and propriety of emphasis as to elicit the admiration of a visitor, who afterward remarked, "How delightful to hear the Scriptures read with such sense and feeling!" She was surprised to hear the sister of a high church rector, American also, exclaim: "I can't agree with you. I think it almost blasphemous for a man by such stress and emphasis to impose his own interpretation on the word of God. The Scriptures should be read in monotone."—Christian Advocate.

Kelsie Allen, aged 13, and Peter White, aged 9, adopted children of Captain John Greer, a planter, were drowned at Manamia, Ark., while crossing a stream.

Charles Highly, a hotelkeeper of Sedalia, Mo., has been arrested in an adjoining village charged with forgery.

SOMETHING UNUSUAL,



as a medicine, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And, because of that, there's something unusual in the way of selling it. Where every other medicine of its kind only promises, this is guaranteed. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's the only guaranteed remedy for every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Dyspepsia, Biliousness, the most stubborn Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, all are cured by it.

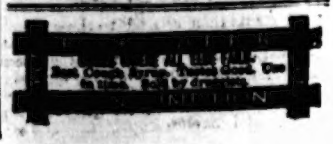
It purifies and enriches the blood, rouses every organ into healthful action, and restores strength and vigor. In building up both flesh and strength it pale, puny, scrofulous children, or 25 invigorate and brace up the system after "Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases, nothing can equal the "Discovery."

You pay only for the good you get.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEKKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



MANGLED CORPSES!

Nine of Them Taken From a Railway Wreck.

A LARGE NUMBER BADLY WOUNDED

Five of the Injured Will Probably Not Recover From Their Wounds.

A Rear-End Collision on the Big Four Tells the Above Story—Something the Matter With a Flagman Causes the Disaster, Coupled With the Fact That the Trains Were Only Five Minutes Apart—Names of Some of the Dead and Nineteen of the Wounded.

MANTENO, Ills., Sept. 19.—The second section of the Big Four passenger train No. 45 crashed into the rear of the first section—that had stopped unexpectedly at a point ten miles north of Kankakee—telescoping one sleeper and two coaches, killing nine people and seriously injuring a large number. The rear cars of the first section were the Ohio and Mississippi sleeper and two chair cars, all fairly well filled with passengers. As soon as the extent of the disaster was realized physicians were telegraphed for to Kankakee and Manteno.

The Dead Horribly Mutilated.

The work of rescue was immediately begun and one by one the horribly mutilated bodies of the nine were removed from the pile of wreckage. The passengers in the forward cars, although they received a severe shaking up and many were badly cut and bruised, were foremost in the work of caring for the injured. They were taken as soon as possible to Manteno, where they are being cared for under the direction of the railroad officials.

Worst Wreck in Twenty Years.

The wreck is the worst in twenty years. The engine of the second section plunged into the rear sleeper of the first section, crushing and maiming its occupants. The force of the collision drove the rear sleeper through those immediately preceding it, crushing them and killing or injuring nearly every one on board. Occupants of the day coaches escaped with bruises or cuts. The cars were crowded with people from eastern and southern Indiana and the southeastern states. All those injured were prominent in their sections.

The Man Missing Who Could Explain.

None of the trainmen are able to account for the wreck, as a man was sent back from the first section of the train as soon as the stop—which was made necessary by some defective machinery in the locomotive—was made. This flagman has not been seen since the wreck, and he is probably the only man who can give the real cause of the disaster. It is thought by the railroad officials that the second section of No. 46 was running at a pretty good speed and that the flagman failed to get back a sufficient distance to enable the engineer of the second train to reduce his speed.

LIST OF DEAD AND INJURED.

Five of the Latter Have Received Probably Fatal Hurts.

The known dead are as follows: Chris Kimmell, Dayton, O.; David Jackson, Cynthiana, O.

The injured—Allen J. Scholter, Ripley, O., bad cut in face and head, probably fatal; George Brackney, Wilmington, O., legs crushed, probably fatal; C. B. Wisehart, Frankfort, O., internal injuries; William Evans, Powellton, W. Va., internal; Miss Sally Evans, Powellton, W. Va., internal; Mrs. Chris Kimmell, Dayton, O., head and body injured; L. H. Blonton, Cincinnati, fatally; J. W. Brown, Wilmington, O., internal and head injured; Mrs. J. W. Brown, internal; Olive Patton, Carmel, O., body bruised and scalp wound; Emily Templen, Sinking Springs, O., head and body injured; J. W. Means, Chester, S. C., slightly injured in back and head; Blanche Belleson, Sinking Springs, O., leg badly injured; Anna Cowles, Lower Albany, Ind.; Jessie Morse, Cincinnati, badly injured internally; Emma Gallatin, Columbus, O., limbs bruised; Miss Libbie Jackson, Cynthiana, O., internal and other injuries, probably fatal: J. W. Foster, Springfield, O., scalp wound and eye gouged; Mrs. J. W. Foster, ribs broken, internal injuries, probably fatal.

The wreck occurred a quarter of a mile from Manteno. The first section of the train was in charge of Conductor Tynor. The trains were running within five minutes of each other.

The cries of those who were caught by the broken timbers and twisted ironwork of the shattered sleeping cars were pitiable and the work of getting them out attended with the utmost difficulty, so thoroughly had the engine done its work of destruction. As the labors of the relief party proceeded dead and dying were found mingled with the sometimes unconscious bodies of those whose lives were providentially preserved.

The worst of it all was in the rear car, where the ponderous locomotive had struck with unchecked force. But so tremendous was the impact that each of the three rear coaches contributed its quota to the list of casualties. Several were hurt by being hurled from upper berths to the floor below, who escaped further damages, but all these were able to be about, and some of them aided afterward in the work of mercy.

Wounded Taken to Chicago.

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—A train brought the injured into Chicago, arriving this morning. It was met by nearly a score of patrol wagons and ambulances and the wounded were quickly taken to St. Luke's hospital.

Little Work in Congress.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—The fact that it was the centennial of the Capitol corner stone prevented either business or talk in congress. In the senate an executive session was held and a resolution for the investigation of train robberies taken up without action, the senate rising to attend the Capitol ceremonies.

The house met just in time to go to the Capitol ceremonies after reading the journal and prayer. Both houses returned to their chambers after the ceremonies and formally adjourned.

Will Employ 4,000 People.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 19.—All the machinery for the coarser kind of goods at the Amoskeag mills, such as tickings, denims and shirtings, started up today. These departments, with the Jefferson bag mills which stated up yesterday, will employ 4,000 operatives.

THIEVES AMONG THE GODLY.

Many Cases of Pilfering at the Congress of Religions.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—Experienced sleuths in plain clothes mingled with the crowds that sought admission to the parliament of religions in the Art institute and closely scrutinized each face as the owner passed in through the doors of the auditorium and main assembly rooms. Their presence was made due to the development that during the first week of the parliament the light fingered gentry, and for that matter gentle women also played havoc with the personal possessions of many of the godly folks in the various audiences. Fat pocketbooks had been abstracted from mysterious pockets while the heads of their owners, and possibly of the pilferers, were bowed in prayer. Watches and chains disappeared from vests and from dress pockets, and, increditable as it may seem, a pair of diamond solitaire earrings were actually extracted from the ears of a fair wearer as she sat spell-bound under the influence of the peroration of a Buddhist priest. Successful efforts to suppress publicity regarding this condition of affairs were made during the greater part of the week, but the climax came Saturday night when a perfect colony of crooks invaded the theosophical congress, and there was such an outcry concerning lost handkerchief and pocketbooks and sachels that the proceeding had to be suspended while a note of warning was sounded from the platform. The presence of detectives from now on, however, is expected to serve as a warning to the depredators to keep at a safe distance from the building and its audiences.

In the Hall of Columbus.

Protestant Episcopalians, Hebrews and liberal Christians formed a goodly proportion of the audience in the Hall of Columbus, prominent representatives of each having been assigned to the opening session. A hearty reception was accorded to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who, taking as his subject "The Sympathy of Religion," delivered a short but eloquent address. He was followed by Rt. Rev. T. Dudley, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Kentucky, who spoke upon the Savior from an historical standpoint. Somewhat profound, but nevertheless interesting to many of the audience was the exposition of the law of cause and effect as taught by Buddha, which was made by Shaku Soyen of Japan. Taking as his subject "Jewish Contributions to Civilization" Professor D. G. Lyon of Harvard university eulogized the race in glowing terms, producing instance after instance to demonstrate that much of the civilization of the present day must be placed to the credit of the Hebrew race. By way of fittingly ending the session before the recess for lunch Rev. Marion A. Murdock spoke upon "Women in the New Testament" and upon the influence of that portion of the Scriptures upon the sex.

TRAIN ROBBING IN MICHIGAN.

Bandits Get $75,000 of Calumet and Hecla Money.

CALUMET, Mich., Sept. 18.—At 9:30 in the morning the passenger train on the Mineral Range railroad coming to Calumet was held up by four highwaymen at Highway, about half way between Calumet and Hancock. The engineer and firemen were covered with revolvers by two of the robbers, while the other two ordered the express messenger to put the contents of his safe in a bag which one of the robbers carried. The messenger immediately complied, and handed out some $75,000 consigned to the Calumet and Hecla mine and which was part of the money to be paid by the mine on its pay-roll.

After securing the booty the robbers fired a shot and ordered the engineer to go ahead quick, which he did. The whole affair was such a surprise that the passengers knew nothing of the trouble until after the train had started again. The train was crowded. Light guards and sheriffs are out scouring the country. It is thought that the robbers had horses conveniently near, and a boat ready at the lake from which place they would make for northern Canada.

HANCOCK, Mich., Sept. 18.—The money stolen from the Mineral Range train last Friday by train robbers was thought to have been recovered. One of the gang paid a Duluth and South Shore brakeman 50 cents to check a trunk which contained the proceeds of the train robbery and a special train was sent out and the trunk recovered at a point on the line of that road. Liberty, a South Shore fireman, was brought here from Marquette in connection with the robbery. He tried desperately to get away. Another firemen of the same road is also under arrest.

When the trunk supposed to contain the money was opened at the Houghton National bank it was discovered to be empty. The money was do doubt abstracted at Marquette or some other point en route.

Fire at Bunker Hill, Ills.

BUNKER HILL, Ills., Sept. 18. — Fire started in the rear of Gaunt's furniture store and before the flames were under control the following business houses were destroyed: Sessel's dry goods store, Jansen's music store, Jacoby's furniture store, Bartel's grocery, Rumbold & Cummings' hardware, N. W. Wohlert's shoe store and Keefe's law office. The total loss is estimated at $60,000, with partial insurance.

Will Be Called "Esther."

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—The new White House baby will be known hereafter as "Esther." This old-fashioned name has been selected for the child by the president and Mrs. Cleveland. It is stated that the selection of this name has no significance other than the partiality of the parents for Scriptural denominations and that it means "a star" and "good fortune."

The McKinley Campaign in Ohio.

DEFIANCE, O., Sept. 18.—There were 10,000 people in this place to hear Governor McKinley speak. It was one of the largest crowds that ever assembled in northwestern Ohio at a political meeting. There was a parade in both afternoon and evening.

Horses and Vehicles Burned.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Sept. 18.—Fire destroyed the Benton club stables. One hundred vehicles and eleven valuable horses were also burned.

An Embezzling City Treasurer.

TACOMA, Wash., Sept. 18.—A special telegram from Whatcom announces the arrest of ex-City Treasurer Isenesse, charged with embezzling $47,000.

Frank Cawley of Bloomington, Ills., has departed, leaving a wife and five children. It is thought he eloped with Mrs. Saylor of Bartlesbrook, Ills.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Record of Events Which Have Occurred During the Past Week of Interest to the People of Illinois—Crimes, Accidents, Disasters, and Other News by Wire.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Sept. 16.—The Hon. Milton Hay, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Illinois, died at his home in this city after an illness of ten weeks. Mr.

THE HON. MILTON HAY.

Hay for more than a generation has been prominent in state Republican councils, though he always shrank from office. He studied law as a pupil of Abraham Lincoln.

ILLINOIS FARMER SWINDLED.

Two Men Rob Him of $2,700 by an Old Game.

TOLONO, Ills., Sept. 14.—Eli H. Dick, a wealthy farmer residing five miles east of Tolono, was swindled out of $2,700 by two strangers, who represented themselves as real estate agents. They called at his home in the morning and seemed anxious to buy one of Mr. Dick's farms, offering him a fabulous price. Mr. Dick accepted their offer. The men had not a sufficient amount of money with them to make the full pay ment, but agreed to make a deposit of $5,000 to bind the bargain provided Mr. Dick would deposit $2,700.

He borrowed the money from the Bank of Tolono and the full amount of $7,700 was placed in a box and left with Mr. Dick, the men promising to return in five days and close the deal. Mr. Dick was not to open the box until the five days had expired, but shortly after the men had left he became uneasy and opened it, but was greatly surprised on finding the money had vanished. Dick owns 2,000 acres of land and is exceedingly close. He is almost distracted. Officers are in hot pursuit of the swindlers.

Tried to Wreck a Train.

GREENVILLE, Ills., Sept. 15.—Section men on the Vandalia line discovered an obstruction on the track about half a mile east of the depot, evidently placed there with the intention of wrecking the fast train No. 2 of the Vandalia line. The men saw a boy about 14 years old running away. He was recognized as a son of Charles Mollett, a respected farmer, and a warrant was sworn out for his arrest. It is supposed he had been reading of the recent train robberies, and thinking the field a successful one, would do likewise.

The Whisky Trust Affairs.

PEORIA, Ills., Sept. 14.—The announcement that the Frankfort Whisky Process company was about to enforce an execution against the Manhattan distillery, one of the leading whisky trust concerns here, created great excitement in distilling circles, but President Greenhut says that the trust will pay the $40,000 involved and avoid attachment. This is the result of a test case over the infringement by the trust of a whisky process patent and will involve nearly all the other trust houses.

Old Soldier Robbed of $700.

OAKLAND, Ills., Sept. 14.—A. H. Carmon, an old soldier who had been attending the encampment, was found in a dazed condition here. He claims to have been robbed of $700 by two men with whom he had been drinking. The last he remembers was last Thursday, and how he came to Oakland is what puzzles him. His home is at Piqua, O., and the local Grand Army post furnished him with money to return there.

Women Held for Robbery.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Hattie Briggs and Hattie Fisher, both colored, have been held to the criminal court. They were charged with holding up and robbing Henry Webber, of Philadelphia, of $1,560 in a doorway. Webber says that one of the women held his arms, while the other cut open his vest with a sharp-bladed knife and secured his pocketbook. None of the stolen money was recovered.

Illinois Guardians for Girls.

SPRINGFIELD, Sept. 14.—Governor Altgeld has determined to appoint W. D. Kerfoot, Bernard Roesing, Volney W. Foster, Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace, Mrs. Charlotte C. Holt, Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan, and Mrs. George A. Weiss, all of Chicago, the state guardians for girls provided for by the last legislature in the act appropriating $100,000 for a home for juvenile female offenders.

Illinois State Fair.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Sept. 14.—The board of supervisors of this (McLean) county voted an appropriation of $21,000 to secure the permanent location here of the state fair. The city council of Bloomington voted an appropriation of $25,000 towards the same end. The money voted by the city is to be expended in equipping the fair with pure water, electric light and paved roads.

The Cronin Trial Revived.

CHICAGO, Sept 16.—States's Attorney Kern has asked for the reinstatement of the case against F. W. Smith, who was one of the men charged with the attempted bribery of Cronin jurors during the impanelling of the jury at the beginning of the famous murder trial. This is supposed to have some connection with the retrial of Coughlin.

Had a Shot at the Burglars.

GREENFIELD, Ills., Sept. 16.—Two burglars blew the safe of J. H. Entrikin, lumber merchant. The noise attracted Patrolman Chinowith, who opened fire on the burglars, who returned the fire and ran, making their escape. One of the robbers was wounded.

THE NATIONAL CORNERSTONE.

Incidents of the Capitol's One Hundredth Anniversary.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—It was about dark before the oratory that marked the commemoration of the centennial of the Capitol cornerstone was concluded. A feature of the procession that escorted the president to the Capitol was a company of Red Men clad in Indian costumes. The president was loudly cheered as he took his place as presiding officer. The scene was one of great animation, and the day being a perfect one nearly everybody in the city was present. The president's speech, as is his wont on such occasions, dealt with the true significance of the laying of the stone—the structure typified the edifice of American liberty and citizenship.

The oration of the day by William Wirt Henry was historical and eloquent. He reviewed the progress of the national capital from the time when Thomas Moore called it

This embryo capital, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers even now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn.

Up to the present stability of country and city typified in the Capitol building. He closed with a tribute to the founders of the nation whom

Ages on ages shall your fate admire,
No future day shall see your names expire,
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome.

The whole diplomatic corps was present and the magnificent uniforms of the members added much to the interest of the scene. The Capitol building was beautifully decorated with the national colors. Speaker Crisp spoke very briefly, while Justice Brown's address was a comprehensive review of the part in national affairs played by the supreme court. Commissioner Parker, of the District, closed the speech making with an eloquent address. He said this was an event of more than local importance. To speak of London was to speak of England. The name of Paris covered that of France. To refer to Austria Vienna only had to be mentioned. And Rome, with her eternal hills, overshadowed all Italy. And so every citizen of the United States thrilled with patriotism at the mention of Washington.

The concluding number was "America," in which the band, the choir and the great audience joined, and never probably were the words of the national anthem given in a more inspiring manner.

CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

An Interesting Paper Prepared by Cardinal Gibbons.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—An audience that filled Columbus hall to overflowing welcomed the opening of the fourth day's proceedings of the world's parliament of religion. It was a striking collection of men of eminence that faced the audience from the platform. Rev. Edward Everett Hale sat with Prince Serge Welkensky of Russia, Julia Ward Howe with H. Toki of India, Rev. Joseph Cooke with Professor Jean Reville of Paris, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott with Rt. Rev. Reuchi Shibata of Calcutta. Interest centered largely upon the paper prepared by his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, upon the "Needs of Humanity Supplied by the Catholic Religion." It had been expected that the cardinal would present the paper in person, but owing to his ill-health it was read by Bishop Keane, of the Catholic university at Washington.

As became its author, it was a scholarly production, couched in that mild, noncombative style characteristic of the prince of the American church, and while it was attentively listened to, its salient points were repeatedly interrupted with applause. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott took for his subject "Religion Essentially Characteristic of Humanity," while the paper of Julia Ward Howe dealt with religion as the essential expression of relations between God and man. Something concerning the origin of Shintoism was told the audience by Rev. Takayoshi Matsuyama of Japan.

The congresses in other halls were well attended by the members of the various denominations under whose auspices they were held. These were the United Brethren, the Advent Christians, Congregationalists, Disciples of Christ, and the Church of the New Jerusalem. The presentation of the tenets of the Reformed Episcopal church took place in the afternoon in the Hall of Washington, a large audience being present.

WISCONSIN FOREST FIRES.

Large Forces of Men Fighting the Destroying Flames.

MERRILL, Wis., Sept. 18.—The fire at Pine River is somewhat subdued. Large forces have been fighting to save property. Two children were burned and two more are reported to have been found in a cellar. Several other persons are severely burned. Nearly forty families are homeless and destitute. A volunteer relief committee is working nobly and the victims of the fire are brought to this city as fast as possible and cared for. A relief mass-meeting has been held. One woman, fleeing from the fire with a 24-hour-old babe in her arms, took refuge in the river. Her condition is critical.

Colby's Close Call.

COLBY, Wis., Sept. 18.—This city has had a serious time with fire. The wind blew a gale and drove forest fires at a fearful rate up to the city limits, but by hard work the town has been saved, and is now practically out of danger. There are many reports of losses to farmers in this vicinity and full reports will show bad results. The farm building of Albert Provinski and the contents, including a span of horses, has burned. O. Greville of Unity has lost 900 cords of kiln wood and his yard is still burning.

Detroit Sales for Rio Janeiro.

LONDON, Sept. 14.—The Exchange Telegraph company says: "Private advices have been received from Brazil that the insurgent fleet is bombarding Rio Janeiro and that one of the principal forts in the harbor has sided with the rebels."

FORT MONROE, Va., Sept. 14.—The United States cruiser Detroit, after adjusting its compasses at 7:30 in the morning, sailed for Rio de Janeiro, under orders to protect American interests.

Twenty Years for Murder.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18.—Louis Kenmade, who murdered Cora Thompson and Scott Jones on March 20, 1893, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.

Iron Mines Resume.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Sept. 14.—The Ames Iron company have resumed work at the mine east of Ishpeming with a full force, having made sales of ore warranting the resumption.

OPENING OF THE STRIP.

WILD RUSH OF THE BOOMERS TO SECURE LAND.

On Arrival at Perry People Tumble Over Each Other in the Rush for Town Lots—Four "Sooners" and One Soldier Shot and a Negro Burned to Death.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Sept. 18.—At least 150,000 people bivouacked upon the border of the great strip. Long before daylight thousands of people had assembled about the Santa Fe depot here and train after train was speedily packed with people and pulled out for Orlando, upon the line. The rush for good places on the train was hard and a number were crushed and injured. Arriving at Orlando all were compelled to leave the cars and take their places with the 15,000 people who had spent the night there upon the railway right of way or sat about the town. A thousand or so of people who had not registered were speedily accommodated and then began a scene of pushing and crowding and elbowing that has never before been seen. Over 15,000 people wanted to go in the first train, which had a capacity for less than 2,000, and all were anxious to be at the best place to get abroad.

Soldiers Swept from Their Feet.

At 11:30 o'clock the first train pulled up to the line, and the others came right behind it. There were at least a half dozen trains, but everybody wanted to ride on the first one, and as far forward in that as possible. With a wild shout the crowd rushed forward. The soldiers on the ground were swept from their feet, and for a time it seemed as though the crowd would capture the train, for men and women were around and over the engine and tender, upon and under the platforms, and even upon the roofs of the coaches. The blue-coated guardians soon recovered, however, and with fixed bayonets cleared the train and compelled everybody to show his or her certificate before entering. But on every side people fought and struggled to get near the cars. Women had their clothes torn, and men were knocked down and trampled upon. Scores of people were injured, yet the struggle kept up until the train was filled, and was repeated on a smaller scale at each succeeding train.

The Race Begins.

Every train was loaded as never passenger trains were loaded before, seat and aisle and platform, roof and tender and baggage car, in every conceivable nook, on every imaginable perching point, was a human being. At last 'tis high noon and as gunshot a mighty shout goes up and the race has begun. Away out across the prairie, like meteors on a summer's night, shoot the horsemen and close behind the wagons dash, but the great mass are on the trains that with clucking locomotives and clanging bells move out along the curving track like a mighty serpent. Although the train seems scarcely to move to the anxious passengers who here and there see a horseman in advance, it is just forty minutes when Perry is reached and the people fight harder to get out than they did to get. Scarcely a man alights on his feet, but all are up and away. A half hundred horsemen have beaten the train and have secured fine corner lots, and before all the cars are unloaded the horsemen are pouring in thick and fast.

Many Claimants for Lots.

Before the second train pulled in most of the best lots were taken, some by half a dozen claimants, and by 2 o'clock all the adjacent quarters are staked off for town lots and the foundation for innumerable contests and lawsuits begun. Many quarrels, which started early in the afternoon, will grow with time and result in fights, and possibly murders, before the town settles down to business. As it was in Perry, so it was at all other towns and half a score of cities have sprung into existence in an hour. The Cherokee strip is no more and will be remembered only in history, but a great and properous empire has taken its place.

There was a jam at Chilocco Creek, which, owing to the steep north bank, was passable only at a few points. In many instances men leaped their horses down the eighteen-foot embankment, landing in the water and hastily scrambling out again. Others were so unfortunate as to cripple their horses, and, abandoning them, started on foot.

The registration booths at Orlando were robbed of certificates and the official stamp during the night and thousands of forged certificates were on the market. Four "sooners" were shot by soldiers north of Stillwater. Just Craig of Indiana was accidentally shot in camp and Tom Jameson, colored, was burned to death in a prairie fire. One soldier was shot by a cowboy "sooner" near Kildare.

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

President Palmer Rings the New Liberty Bell—Sunday Visitors.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—At noon the big Columbian liberty and peace bell rung out in honor of the anniversary of the adoption by congress of the constitution Sept. 17, 1787. As the anniversary fell on Sunday, it was thought best to hold the exercises next day. Shortly before 12 o'clock President T. W. Palmer, Director General Davis, followed by officials of the exposition, and national and state commissioners, marshed to the plaza west of the Administration building, where the liberty bell is swung. President Palmer made a patriotic address in harmony with the occation, and at exactly at 12 o'clock rang the bell. Fitting speeches were also made by Director General Davis and others. The admission of Nevada into the Union was to be commemorated, as it was Nevada day, but Governor Colcord failed to arrive.

Sunday attendance at the fair is increasing. Large crowds are expected on the Sabbath from now on. There is some talk by the fair managers of putting a little life into the White City every Sunday. Heretofore the Midway has been the only place of attraction to Sunday visitors the rest of the exposition being silent as the tomb. Many of the exhibits have been closed and outside of the Art institute a general inhospitable air has prevailed. It is now argued that as Sunday opening has been forced upon the exposition by the action of the court an effort should be made to make Sunday profitable. So far it has been a losing day. The steps that are to be taken are in the direction of good music and plenty of it, and in inviting people to come by an offer of a proper welcome. Sunday's attendance is deemed encouraging, and it is believed that the numbers can be swelled to 100,000.

Found Hanging to a Girder.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 18.—B. Penhorn's lifeless body was found hanging to a girder in the new City hall. He had committed suicide because of being out of work and friendless.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

A great American hotel is to be built in Unter den Linden in Germany.

"Old Bill" Smith, a Camden, Ark., negro, who murdered a man named Pierce last fall, was executed at Camden.

Lloyd's reports 1,008 vessels lost in 1892, of which 249 were British and 126 American.

Henry Jackson, a wealthy farmer awaiting trial at Brainerd, Minn., has confessed that he murdered Edwin Peck, one of his farmhands, a year ago.

Francis Burdick, a harness maker, 50 years of age, was murdered and robbed in Omaha. His body was found floating in lake.

Frederick Buckholz, 72 years old, was killed by a Rock Island fast train at Mokena, Ills. He leaves a large family.

Stockholders of the Homor (Ills.) fair association objected to making up a deficit of $1,000 and an assignee has been ordered.

The State fair closed at Des Moines, Ia. The total receipts were $40,000, leaving a deficit of about $10,000.

Secretary Herbert has authorized the use of $456,244 to rebuild the old war ship Hartford, now at San Francisco.

Ebenezer Burgess Ball, who keeps a little cigar store in the Pension building at Washington, claims to be the nearest relative of George Washington.

* * *

The inter-state grain palace was formally opened at Aberdeen, S. D. Speeches were made by the two governors, Sheldon and Shortridge.

Thomas Rhodes committed suicide at the Hollenbeck hotel, Los Angeles, Cal., by shooting. He was 35 years of age and the owner of mines in Lower California from which he derived a large income.

The national meeting of the Improved Order of Red Men began at Des Moines, Ia. About 300 delegates have arrived, including many women.

John Riley, 5 years old, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, Bernie, 7 years old.

Miss Minnie Tull, 18 years old, of Hanover, Ind., committed suicide by drowning.

The trial of Dr. M. P. Voglesang for poisoning his wife was begun at Hillsdale, Mich.

Inspector Williams of the New York police was arrested the other day by one of his men, who was convinced that the inspector was a confidence man.

* * *

Lightning struck the house of A. C. Collins, near Oakland, Ills., instantly killing Mrs. Collins.

The barkentine Skobeleff of Portland, Me., is missing, and there is but very little doubt that it has been lost with her crew of seven men.

W. W. Thornton, ex-cashier of W. F. Thornton & Sons broken bank at Shelbyville, Ills., was brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus and released without bail.

Warden J. D. Baker and his chief clerk, Orra Havill, of the Southern Illinois penitentiary, have resigned.

At least half a dozen insurance companies are contemplating withdrawing from Milwaukee, Wis., because the losses have been much heavier than the premiums.

The supreme lodge of the Order of Mutual Protection elected at St. Louis these officers: W. F. Denbach, St. Louis, supreme president; J. G. Jansen, Peoria, Ills., supreme vice president; G. Del Vecchia, Chicago, supreme secretary.

* * *

The great council of Red Men has completed its business in Des Moines and adjourned. The next meeting will be held the second Tuesday in September, 1894, in Binghampton, N. Y.

Eben Owens was instantly killed by the explosion of a defective thrashing engine boiler on the farm of Evan Griffiths, near Columbus, Wis. The crew was at dinner, otherwise dozens of lives would have been lost.

W. H. Gibbs, ex-postmaster of Jackson, Miss., was arrested on a charge of embezzlement of $3,921.58 of United States funds.

The Forest City flax palace, a diminutive model of which is shown in the Iowa building at the fair, is now in operation at Mason City, Ia.

Augustus Hemenway of Canton, Mass., is a practical philanthropist. He has invited all the school teachers of his town, twenty-six in number, to visit the World's fair at his expense.

A design for the memorial to be erected in Boston to John Boyle O'Reilly has been accepted by the committee in charge of that undertaking. D. C. French is the author of the successful design, and the contract has been awarded to him.

* * *

Staples Green, a negro, was hanged at Livingstone, Ala., for murder. He prayed and sang on the scaffold and confessed his guilt.

Valentine Bobchak, a laborer on the drainage canal at Lemont, Ill., was killed by a Santa Fe train. He was 20 years old.

M. A. Baldwin, a physician and member of the Georgia state legislature, was shot and killed by Jesse Palmer, at Palmer, L. T., in a quarrel about a young woman whom each admired.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cankers. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ARBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2886 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts—"A Parlor Match."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Wife."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brother John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Diplomacy."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—John L. Sullivan.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE SWELLING TIDE OF "IRISH DAY."

The preparations for the fitting celebration of Irish Day at the World's Fair, on Saturday, Sept. 30, are being carried out on a broad and practical scale by the executive committee having the celebration in charge. This demonstration is, in the truest sense, an expression of the profound patriotism, both in the American and Irish sense, of the masses of the Irish people. It originated with their most representative society, and beginning modestly but enthusiastically, in the month of June, has now become a living tide that will surge by the hundred thousand into the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, on the date set apart for a celebration destined to be memorable.

The movement has received a powerful impetus also from the patriotic action of the Archbishop of Chicago, the Most Rev. Doctor Feehan, whose devotion to his adopted and native countries is only second to his devotion to God and the Holy Catholic church. But, although eminent Catholic ecclesiastics are to take a leading part in the celebration, it must not, therefore, be inferred that it is in any sense sectarian. Irish-American Protestant clergymen of eminence have been invited to participate in the exercises but all, for one reason or another, declined. This is to be regretted, because the Irish Catholic people, as well as their prelates and priests, are sincerely desirous of extending to the Irish Protestants the heart and hand of fellowship, and, if the latter do not feel able to reciprocate, the Irish Catholics are, certainly, not to blame. The latter, at all periods of their troubled history, since first, in the days of Molyneaux and Lucas, Irish Protestants raised their voices, or wielded their pens, in behalf of the rights of Ireland, have only been too willing to do them honor. They loved Swift, although he abhorred them, with all the vehemence of his gifted but erratic nature. They adored Harry Flood, although he stultified himself by opposing Catholic emancipation and political equality in the Irish house of commons. They fairly worshipped Henry Grattan, who, indeed, deserved all the devotion they gave him, for he was, to the latest moment of his glorious life, their tried-true and trusted friend and champion. They wept above the bloody graves of Lord Edward, and Tone and young Emmet. They were the most devoted followers of Smith O'Brien and John Mitchel, and, later still, of Charles Stewart Parnell, who, like many another great man, broke the strength of his own arm by a moment of human passion, and so on through their troublous and sorrowful history. This very gratitude to their Protestant friends, even when they were an i-Catholic, in the political sense, is, we think, the best indication of their native nobility of character, and the best evidence that they, as a class, are not responsible for the horrible sectarian bitterness which has been, through more than three centuries, the curse and bane of Ireland and the Irish.

The project of Irish Day commends itself to every thoughtful Irishman in Chicago and throughout the world. It will be a demonstration, in truth, of the survival of the fittest. It will be the proud answer of the lineal descendants of the Irish septs that so long battled against the English sway, to the boastful prophecies of Mountjoy and Cromwell, and the more modern demoniac yell of the London *Times*, in the famine years—"The Celts are going—they are gone with a vengeance!" Here the Celts live to hurl back the taunt. Bone and flesh of America they are still, in their hatred of England and their desire to see Ireland a nation, Irish to the core. Exceptions there may be, but they are lost in the living sea of true Irish hearts as completely as the debris of a plague-stricken ship is lost in that great purifier, the mighty ocean.

Well did William Dillon—the worthy son of a noble father—say at the convention of the Irish societies last Sunday: "Make Irish Day the greatest day associated with the World's Fair. As proclaiming the harmony and brotherhood of the Irish race let it at least equal the other great celebrations of States and nationalities that have preceded it—in everything else let it surpass them."

THE CITIZEN coincides most heartily in the sentiments expressed by Mr. Dillon, and hopes most devoutly that his bright anticipations may be realized.

AN OPINION OF GLADSTONE.

A patriotic Irishman—a veteran in the cause—who resides in a neighboring city, has sent us a letter on the Home Rule situation, from which we extract the following: "Gladstone is a great man and a wise one. Having exhausted the resources of English civilization in trying to crush the Irish, their courage and unity forced him to come to the conclusion that conciliation was the best resource to prevent Ireland from being a dangerous thorn in the side of Great Britain. He has given the Irish a stick to whittle lest they might damage the imperial furniture. I thank him for one admission. He says: 'It must be borne in mind that the Irish never admitted the moral authority of the union. If, therefore, the resistance to this measure were to be bitter, obstinate and prolonged, the question of repeal might finally become an international one.' Will Irishmen take the great statesman at his word and take the Irish question out of the dirty, miserable slough of West British politics, and spend their future energies in making it an international question? Believe me, such a policy in the face of Europe's armed camps would be more productive of good to Ireland than a continuation of the parliamentary farce, upon which we have exhausted ourselves during the past ten years. He is only a sanguine dreamer, who thinks the English people will destroy their house of lords and uproot their constitution to suit the people of Ireland. Every man that can command the time and means should be in Chicago on Irish Day, and on the Monday following a great national 'feis' should be held, and a proper and dignified policy should be mapped out and rigidly adhered to. Irish-Americans should dictate the future destinies of Ireland, for it is only nonsense to expect a true expression of the views of the Irish people themselves under their present circumstances."

ALSACE AND LORRAINE.

The latest cablegrams from Berlin assure us that the Emperor William, of Germany, and his Chancellor Von Caprivi, have resolved to deprive Alsace and Lorraine of the rights of statehood in the Empire. Immediately after the war of 1870-71, these provinces, which had been wrung at the cost of such blood and carnage from France, and were annexed to Germany as States of the Fatherland, possessing local legislatures like Baden-Baden or Bavaria, while at the same time sending representatives to the national parliament at Berlin known as the Reichstag. These provinces are now to be amalgamated into two of the States or principalities on the eastern banks of the Rhine. Their local legislatures are to be abolished, and they are henceforward to be submerged completely in the great German confederation. Their very names, moreover, are to be swept from the statute book of the Empire.

The crowning persecution of a brave, but helpless and defenseless people will fan the smouldering embers of French hatred of Germany. It will be regarded in Paris as an affront to the Republic, and may eventually compel the French government to remonstrate with the Emperor William over his continued oppression of provinces the denizens of which have done him no possible wrong. When Bismarck, the autocrat, held the reins of power in his hands, he pursued a Draconian policy of cruelty towards the inhabitants of the annexed territory. His first ukase was to forbid the use of the French language in the public schools—a language which he replaced with the German. The German tongue was, according to his orders, to be that of the pulpit, of the law courts, of the legislatures and municipalities. People who spoke French were suspected of treason by the authorities, and were watched by detectives. Meetings of citizens, held in Metz and Strasburg for the discussion of municipal reforms, were suppressed by the police, because the orators on those occasions insisted on speaking the tongue of Rabelais and Moliere instead of in that of Goethe and Schiller.

Another project of Bismarck's for the Germanization of Alsace and Lorraine was the replacing of French inhabitants by Germans. Thousands of Frenchmen, who refused to serve in William's army or accept his authority over them, fled to France or emigrated to this country. Thousands of Germans were by command of the Iron Chancellor transported across the Rhine to fill the positions of, or occupy the stores vacated by, the departed Frenchmen. In this way Alsace and Lorraine lost a goodly portion of their Gallic blood, while assimilating a considerable quantity of Teutonic.

Both provinces are now about to disappear from the map of Europe. The German people will not, of course, be held responsible for this petty and malicious act of tyranny and revenge. To Kaiser Wilhelm alone must be attributed the credit—or rather the discredit—of having executed such a mean and contemptible job. The young Emperor is tampering with a fire which may yet burn him to ashes as a candle flame burns a moth.

SCIONS OF THE SEA-DIVIDED GAEL.

The descendants of the "Wild Geese," who winged their flight from Ireland to the continent of Europe after the Treaty of Limerick two hundred years ago, still continue to distinguish themselves in the various professions which they follow. Gen. Dodd, originally O'Dowd, whose name is a guarantee of his origin, is today one of the leading military figures of France. Some months ago he was commissioned by his government to proceed at the head of a brigade to put down an unjustifiable insurrection in Dahomey—an enterprise on which he is at present engaged. Don Carlos O'Donnell, son of the late Marshal O Donnell, one time president of the Spanish Republic, is one of the leading official dignitaries of Spain. An olive and a shamrock figure on his crest, attesting that, while he is loyal to the sunny land where his forefathers sought and found hospitality, he still remembers with filial devotion the cradle-land of his illustrious race. This young man's father was secretary of state under the premiership of Senor Canovas; while his grandfather was a Spanish general, who, after having accomplished daring deeds of bravery under the hot Afric skies in the cause of Spain, was created Duke of Tetuan by the then queen, Isabella. His title has descended to his grandson, who, however, prefers his good old Irish name of O'Donnell to that which has come to him with the ducal strawberry leaves. Another Spaniard of Irish extraction is Senor Count Murphy, who is the secretary of Queen Christina, and the tutor of her son the child-king. Murphy is one of the lineal descendants of Colonel Murphy, who distinguished himself at the siege of Limerick fighting against King William of Orange for faith and fatherland. He is a musical composer of much merit.

France and Spain have been in the Old World the best fields for the development of Irish talent and genius. In these congenial Latin climes the Irishman finds himself quite at home. Yet all the world over, outside the confines of his own sorrowing isle, he wins the palm leaves and the laurel. *Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris!*

GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH PRESBYTERIANS.

The attitude of the Irish Presbyterians towards home rule is becoming a theme of great interest in Anglo-Irish politics. The *Irish Daily Independent* of Sept. 3 has the following on the subject:

"In consequence of the reckless assertions made by certain Tories with regard to the recent address by 3,535 Presbyterians of Ireland to Mr. Gladstone, and the attempts to combat the significance of the declaration and to vilify its promoters, the Rev. J. B. Armour has written the following letter to the venerable premier.

"BALLYMONEY, Aug. 29.—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Dear Sir:* I see that the genuineness of the petition in favor of the Liberal policy in regard to Ireland, signed by 3,535 Presbyterians, and the correctness of the statements in the letter to you have been called in question in Tory quarters. As one who knows most in connection with the matter, I venture to lay before you certain facts which will justify your generous defense of those who signed the letter and ought to convince reasonable men that the signatures to the petition are those of genuine Presbyterians, and that every statement in our letter to you is accurate. Printed instructions—of which I inclose a copy—were sent to all who obtained copies of the petition for signature. The first instruction is that the statement is 'to be signed by Presbyterians in connection with the general assembly over sixteen years of age, whether man or woman.' The third is equally explicit as to the mode of obtaining signatures. 'It is not desired that much persuasion should be used to obtain signatures, but as many persons as possible who are known to be sympathetic with the Liberal policy should be given an opportunity to sign.' These instructions, which were sent with every copy of the address, are definite and clear, and indicate that the promoters of the petition wished to elicit without pressure the feelings of Presbyterians alone in regard to the bill before the house of commons. Those to whom the matter was intrusted in the several districts were selected with great care, and I venture to state that, as regards honesty of character, veracity, and a desire to act honorably, they would all compare favorably with the assailants of the petition, whether in the press or in parliament. The list was carefully revised. We did not say, as our critics represent, that the names were unsolicited; we stated the fact that there was no public solicitation. There could be none in the present temper of Ulster. There was no organization, and, consequently, as letters received since show, there are districts in our church, as we stated, where the petition was never heard of until it was presented to you. The reason why the names cannot be published is simple. On the list there are the names of ministers, merchants, and farmers, living in hotbeds of political passion, of sons and employes of strong Unionists. To publish their names would be to embitter a controversy bitter enough already, and to subject many worthy people to needless pain and real loss. The number and genuineness of the signatures can be called in question only by those who know nothing of the inner state of feeling of the Presbyterian church, and by those who are, perhaps, conscious that the petitions against the bill with which they were connected were largely manufactured, and in many cases deserve the epithet 'bogus.' No more genuine or spontaneous petition was ever presented to a prime minister than the one we had the honor of transmitting to you, and those who try to cover by their reckless statements and malicious innuendoes their chagrin at finding the Presbyterian church returning to a state of political sanity will discover soon that 3,535 Presbyterians who signed the document are only a small section of the many Presbyterians who sincerely wish you a long life and tenure of power, and who are prepared to give the Liberal policy towards Ireland a hearty welcome, and a fair trial. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant, J. B. ARMOUR.

"Mr. Gladstone sent the following reply:

"10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL, Aug. 30.—*Rev. J. B. Armour, Dear Sir:* I thank you for your interesting letter and inclosure. It will be for you to consider whether to publish the letter. I can, however, give you the assurance that, in my opinion, the charges which proceeded from rather obscure quarters against the memorial, made no general impression whatever in the house of commons. I remain, dear sir, your faithful and obedient, W. E. GLADSTONE."

THE ravens of the English house of peers are still feeding on the corpse of the Home Rule bill, and, like vultures, are fattening on its decaying flesh. One of these fine days, however, they will be compelled to eat crow.

MRS. MEADE, who is creating quite a literary furore at present in London, is a native of Bandon, county Cork. She is the conductor of a highly intellectual magazine, *The Atlanta*, and is a story-writer for T. P. O'Connor's *Weekly Sun*. She is, moreover, a woman of profound Irish and national sympathies, though born in a borough on whose Orange gates a little over a hundred years ago was engraved the following inscription:

"A Deist, a Turk, or an Atheist
May enter here, but no Papist!"

It is recorded of Dean Swift that, when, during his tour through the South of Ireland, he saw this inscription he added another to the following effect:

"He who wrote this did write it well—
For the same is written on the gates of hell."

MR. JOE CHAMBERLAIN is, it seems, coming to this country to convert the American Irish to unionism, and still the world revolves on its axis!

MR. P. G. SMYTH, the eminent Irish litterateur, formerly of Ballina, Dublin and London, and now a popular resident of this city, was presented by his charming wife with a son and heir on Tuesday morning. The lady and child are doing well, and Mr. Smyth himself looks nothing the worse for being a happy father. THE CITIZEN heartily congratulates Mr. and Mrs. Smyth and the baby.

HODGE is up at last in arms—metaphorically speaking—against the lords whom he once so slavishly worshipped. He has no longer any use for those idols of clay. When the upper house refuses to pass the "one man one vote" bill, and other English radical measures, will Hodge, we wonder, raze the gilded chamber to the ground as Jacques Bonhomme did the Bastile one hundred and four years ago? THE CITIZEN hardly believes that he will. He has not the chivalrous grit or courage of a bloused Republican of Montmartre.

THE Healyites, who form a distinct and troublesome party in the McCarthyite wing of the Irish parliamentarians, are kicking against any compromise with the followers of Mr. Redmond as to the immediate disposal of the Paris funds. Mr. Monroe, the banker, is willing to give up the funds to Mr. Patrick Egan, and to two representatives of the McCarthyite and Redmondite wings. John Dillon and William O'Brien are in favor of such a proposal, but Mr. T. M. Healy puts his veto on it. As the Healyites are, however, in a minority, their wishes will fortunately have no weight in the decision which will be arrived at. A large amount of the money is, it is said, to be devoted to the relief of the evicted tenants.

M. RAFFOLOVITCH, the father-in-law of Mr. William O'Brien, died in Paris a few weeks ago. He was a most successful banker. One of his sons is an attache to the French Embassy in London. His daughter, Mrs. O'Brien, was at one time a favorite contributor on political economy and other equally abstruse and scientific topics to the Paris *Temps* and *Debats*.

SIGNOR FOLI is winning laurels and pennies in his successful tour through the diamond fields of Africa. The miners of Kimberly are in ecstacies over his melodious voice. Foli is another of those degenerate Irishmen who have changed their names for money making purposes. Thirty years ago he was known as Pat Foley, in Patrick street, Cork, where he was born and reared. When some well-meaning gentlemen of that city clubbed together to give the youth a musical education, he proceeded to Italy where, after his studies had been completed, he Italianized his fine old Irish name, and posed on posters and on the stage as an Italian. He has thus ridden himself of his cumbersome nationality; but alas! he has failed to shake from his tongue the attic brogue of Munster, which still clings to it like a leech. In all other respects he is quite happy.

ANOTHER characteristic blood-curdling duel has taken place in Paris. M. Barres, a young Boulangist pressman, met M. de Pressensse the other day in mortal combat. Two shots were exchanged—without result, whereupon honor was declared to be satisfied! Frenchmen ought to give over indulging in such Quixotic combats.

JOHN O'CONNOR, assistant electrician of the government building, distinguished himself by an act of great personal bravery, at 10 o'clock Wednesday night, when he, in total darkness, and at the peril of his life, shut off the dynamos in the post office, the rotten belting having broken, and the dynamos thrashing around at the rate of 1,000 revolutions a minute. Mr. O'Connor deserves a gold medal as well as the best of them.

OBSEQUIES OF FATHER SULLIVAN.

Impressive Services at St. Patrick's Church in Which Many Priests and a Multitude of Lay People Take Part.

The funeral services of the Rev. Patrick A. Sullivan, who died Sunday, of nervous prostration, resulting from typhoid fever, took place Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, at St. Patrick's church, Adams and Desplaines streets. Father Sullivan, who was 28 years of age, was born, baptized, received his first communion as well as his early training, was confirmed, officiated as assistant priest for four years, and died in St. Patrick's parish. He completed his courses of philosophy and theology at St. Viateur's University, Kankakee, Ill., where he was ordained in 1889. During several years he was prefect of discipline and professor of violin at that institution, where he was always a special favorite with the students. Though hardly up to the average man in stature Father Sullivan was recognized as an athlete during his course as a seminarian and invariably acted as master of games. Previous to the solemn high requiem mass, which was celebrated at St. Patrick's church, the solemn office of the dead was recited by sixty priests who were present at the altar in surplice and cassock. A quartette assisted at the mass and J. H. Winder presided at the organ. The Rev. Dominick Egan acted as celebrant of the mass, assisted by the Rev. Edward O'Reilly of Lake Forest, as deacon, and the Rev. Edward Fox of Chicago, as sub-deacon. The Rev. P. A. L. Egan delivered the funeral oration. Father Sullivan leaves his parents, four sisters and one brother.

IRISH DAY PROGRAMME.

The Exercises at Festival Hall.

Opening Chorus—"The Star-Spangled Banner".....
Gilmore's band, Festival hall organ and trained chorus of 600 voices.
Address of welcome.....Archbishop Feehan
Harp Solo—.....Miss Josephine Sullivan, of Dublin
Address—"Irishmen in the Development of Civilization".....
.....Archbishop Hennessy, of Dubuque
Song—"Who Dares to Speak of '98".....
.....William Ludwig
Address—"Ireland's Claims to Nationhood".....Hon. Bourke Cochran
Harp Solo—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old".....
Address—"Home Rule".....
.....Hon. Edward Blake, M. P.
Song—"Wearing of the Green".....
Address.....William Ludwig
Ode (written for the occasion.....Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston
Soprano Solo—"Kathleen Mavourneen".....Eugene Davis
Address—"Irishmen in Lands Other Than Their Own".....Mme. Elizabeth Scanlan Porter, London
Closing Ode—"God Save Ireland".....John F. Finerty
Gilmore's band, Festival hall organ, trained chorus of 600 voices, and audience.

In the evening there will be a display of fireworks. The star piece will be the American and Irish flags, with the Irish Parliament house on College Green, Dublin, as a background.

HYMENEAL.

HANTON—M'SWEENEY.

On Wednesday, Sept. 13, at St. Patrick's church, Mr. James Hanton and Miss Susan McSweeney were married by Rev. Father Byrne. The attendants were Mr. John Hanton, brother of the groom, and Miss Lizzie Brennan. The many friends of the happy couple wish them a fullness of years and joy in their new relations. Mr. and Mrs. Hanton will be at home to their friends, at 5323 Bishop street.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Neil Bailey," City.—We cannot publish notices of any kind sent anonymously.

THE CLAN O'SULLIVAN.

Some Account of the Origin of the Ancient Eugenian Sept of Munster, Which Played so Prominent a Part in Irish History.

Description of Their Patrimonial Possessions, and the Prowess of Their Warlike Chiefs.

[*From the Irish Weekly Independent.*]
[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

One night Morty Oge's ship was ready to start with her consignments of Wild Geese. One of the recruits who had sworn to come had not yet arrived. He had been enlisted the previous fair day in the town of Bantry. But many forces were at work stirring up the people against these "Wild Geese." The authorities put a price upon their heads, and the priests were adverse to the young men—the bone and sinew of their flocks—being drafted away to be shot down like dogs in foreign lands. Little effect had their influence upon the determination of Morty Oge to swell the ranks of the brigade. He was not the type of man to be foiled in such affairs, and the importance of stamping out such small sparks of treason appealed forcibly to him. The business was too desperate to permit of any hovering with sweethearts, or coshering with neighbors. Far away beyond the Ouvane, or "fair river," the delinquent dwelt. Distance could lend no security when Morty Oge went on the quest. Taking with him a few of his faithfuls, he rode off to the sheeling where in fancied security the false one slept. Forcing open the cabin door, they dragged him by main force from the bed where he lay, and bore him with them back to the seacoast and on board the sloop. Such occurrences were always disposed of in the same stern way by Morty Oge.

O'Sullivan returned to the Continent with his military guests, and, while he was away, a cousin of his named Denis S'Sullivan, who seems to have been a mere boy, incurred the displeasure of Puxley boasting of Morty's prowess and influence. One night this boy fell in with some of the revenue party, and, a fight ensuing, he was killed. The country people say the soldiers kicked the dead boy's head along the road as they would a football. At the time there dwelt on Dursey Island a woman who had an uncanny influence in the district. She was Muirin or Madge, the woman who nursed Morty Oge and took him into fosterage. She was a Sullivan herherself, and probably a near relative, whether she was educated or not it is impossible to ascertain; but one thing is certain, she possessed the poetic faculty to a considerable extent, and her effusions were popular among the people. This woman when she heard of the boy's death went to Dunboy and defiantly cursed Puxley, and threatened him in presence of his servants with the vengeance of Morty Oge. The next night Puxley and his men came to her house, while the old lady was asleep, and fired the thatch above her. When the woman screamed in terror, Puxley called out: "Now, you witch, you can mutter your curses in hell."

Word of all this was swiftly conveyed across the channel to the Wild Goose captain in France. He at once despatched a challenge to Puxley to choose weapons and fight him, and returned home. John Puxley refused the challenge, and his refusal was terse and characteristic: "It did not become an English gentleman to fight an Irish Papist." This added insult to injury, and, although Puxley endeavored to keep out of his way, Morty Oge determined to meet him. It was Easter Sunday morning, and the Puxleys used to go to church on Christmas and Easter. Puxley rode on a white horse, and his wife sat behind him on a pillion. On the way to Castletown, where the church was, about a hundred yards from the Dunboy gate, there is a bridge over a stream. Before they came to this salmon-leap bridge, Puxley dismounted to tighten the breeching which was loose around the horse's haunches. There was an old forge on the Castletown end of the bridge on the roadside. The smith was gone away to mass, and the forge doors were open. Morty Oge was in the forge, and had two servants with him. One was John O'Sullivan—little John they called him—he belonged to the neighborhood of Kenmare. The other was Daniel O'Connell, from near Cahirciveen; he had been in foreign parts with Morty and was his confidential companion. As Puxley and his wife behind him on the pillion were coming up the road, the three men came out and confronted them. An altercation took place between Morty Oge and Puxley over many things, and in particular the challenge. Some say Puxley fired at Morty Oge and missed him, others say Morty fired without any immediate provocation, and many say he fired twice, and once without effect. One thing is certain, Morty Oge Sullivan with his short pistol shot John Puxley. He shot him in the left side, and Puxley fell forward from his horse and was dead. One of the servants said: "Morty, as you have killed the gander, kill the goose also." "No! no!" answered Morty Oge, "let the hen go home and put the poor chickens to sleep. I shall never shed a woman's blood." "Then, if you don't, your life will pay the forfeit," said little John O'Sullivan.

Morty Oge said nothing in reply, but pushed on in the direction where the chapel lay. They waited until the mass was over before they went in. The priest was reading to the people in Irish when the party entered. He stopped when he saw Morty and the two men come in. Morty Oge, turning to the people, said:

"My people, John Puxley will do you no more harm. All here whom he wronged are now avenged. I shot him this day." The priest, who was an old man, said: It was a bad morning's work, and would bring worse sorrow."

Closing the book, he refused to continue the service.

After that there was a price put on Morty Oge's head, and spies set to watch him. Mrs. Puxley had nephews in the army, and they procured the active intervention of the authorities. A company of soldiers was sent down to Dunboy to take care of Mrs. Puxley and her children, and Morty Oge found safety in France.

Such almost word for word is the account of the transaction as told by the peasantry.

Recruiting for the "Wild Geese" was an occupation more troublesome than remunerative, and at this precise time was beset with dangers of no uncommon kind. The government were not slow in putting the full penalty of the law in force against all such offenses.

On April 10th, 1744, war was proclaimed in Cork city against the King of France.

One can form a slight conception of how sympathizers with the French were treated by perusing that interesting compilation handed down to posterity by one Fitz-Gerald, "teacher of mathematics, and clerk to John Marsh, esquire, his Majesty's commissioner at Cork":

"1746—William Foster for seditious words, he being a post-boy coming into towne with a foreign mail, was asked by William Markham, esq., 'what news?' to which he replied, 'good news; the Pretender is crowned in Scotland'—and Daniel Coughlan for seditious words, by drinking a health to Lord Clare (who was then an officer in the French king's service at the rebellion in Scotland), were pilloried at the corner of Broad lane, Saturday, 29th March."

"1749—Denis Dunne executed near Broad lane, on Saturday, April 15th, for enlisting John McFall to be sergeant in the French Army."

"1752—Denis McCarthy was executed at Gallows Green, on Monday, May 4th, for enlisting men for the French king's service. April 4th—Thomas Herlihy, for enlisting William Towers and Thos. Dove to serve the French army, was hanged at Broad lane."

Such is the record kept by FitzGerald, his clerkship often construing itself into executing himself the victims whom he afterwards wrote.

During this time Morty Oge came and went at times between Eyeries and France. His wife died some time between the years 1750-54. His return to his home was reported to the protection party at Castletown, and word sent speedily on to Cork for reinforcements. FitzSimons, who was in Cork, was a nephew of Mrs. Puxley. They succeeded in getting a force of forty soldiers, and accompanied by some volunteers, "young gentlemen of the city," they prepared to go to Castletown. There was a soldier in this party who had been in the wars on the Continent. He was a Kerryman, and his name was Harris. Once in years before, Morty Oge O'Sullivan met him in the strangers' country and befriended him. Tradition does not remember how, but the kindness was not thrown away—the Kerryman remembered it.

The party sailed from Cove in the Speedwell, and making a rapid passage came quickly to Castletown. In the nighttime they went toward Eyeriesbeg. Passing through the townland of Coulagh, before they came to the stream Harris fell, and his musket went off. This gave Morty Oge notice of the approach of the party, and the officers abandoned the attack on the house in consequence. Returning to Castletown, while it was yet night, Harris was ordered to go on in front with one of the lanterns. Someone called out to him to hold the lantern breast high, and stand by awhile. No sooner had he done so than one of the soldiers fired and shot him through the breast. Where he held the lantern he fell and rose no more. After that Morty Oge kept out on the hilly country among his friends. There was a king's ship outside the harbor in the sea to prevent his escape. He knew all this, for he was a man who had many friends, and he determined to take to sea when an opportunity offered, and evade the government vessel. In the beginning of May, 1754, he returned to his house, having completed arrangements for his flight. Word was conveyed to the authorities of his being at Eyeries. It was Tim Scully that brought the word. The night of May 4 (Saturday) was stormy and wild, and rain fell heavily. It was decided to avail of the cover of such a night to make the attack. Lieut. Appleton was in charge of the party, and Henry and Walter FitzSimmons acted under him. The soldiers were led across the mountains by a man named Sullivan, nicknamed Scar, a native of Deeshirt, near Dunboy, who then lived at Coulagh. On arrival at the river at the foot of Coulagh the soldiers found it flooded. Scully, who was there, pointed them out a fordable place, and he and a man named John Neill are said to have carried some of them across on their backs.

Through the wetness of the night the attacking party managed to make their way stealthily towards the strong thatched house without being detected. Morty had been playing with his little child who was about being put to bed for the night, when the dogs barking intimated to him that something was amiss. Immediately he recognized his position, the few outposts must have been surprised, and the house was surrounded. Chance of flight seemed cut off for the present, and he determined to defend the house as well as he could. Going to the window he called out in English to Lieut. Appleton, and asked as a gentleman and soldier the privilege of a parley. Appleton readily and courteously agreed. Morty Oge asked that the women and children who were in the house should be permitted to pass through in safety. Appleton consented that it should be so. Morty Oge had great affection for his little boy, and he feared on his account the English might harm him. Hastily attiring him in girl's clothes he went out with the others in safety.

When the attack on the house was begun, those inside defended it with great bravery, although they fired few shots in return for the volleys levelled at them. Finally the thatched roof was fired, and soon the whole building was in a blazing mass. Resourceful, as ever in difficulties, and calm in the crisis of excitement, Morty Oge had recourse to stratagem. One by one the men with him attempted to leave the house, rush through the smoke and effect their escape. Morty hoped that soldiers would set off in pursuit of them, and thus weaken the strength of those around the house. There were two brothers named Harrington in the house with Morty Oge at the time. Both of these, on rushing out, made their escape through the ranks in safety. One of them was tall, and not unlike Sullivan in stature. He was mistaken for him, and a party of the military pursued him. He was pressed hard on to the Coulagh river, which he cleared in one jump, from bank to bank, where it is widest. Scully, who was there, called out: "Let him pass; it is not Morty Oge; only one man in the country could jump like that, and he is Daniel Harrington." Harrington and his brother, riddled with shot, made their escape into Kerry. Appleton again concentrated the entire force on the house, and attempted to take it. Morty's foster brother, who was with him, offered to dress himself in Morty's clothes and go out. He said: "Master, they will shoot me down for you, and then you can escape; I will be dead, but Morty Oge will live." Sullivan would not listen to the suggestion, so the young man, who is said to have been powerfully built, but half simple, snatching up Morty's coat which he had thrown off, put it on him and went out. FitzSimmons at once saw the imposture, and called out: "Don't fire on that man; that's not O'Sullivan; he is no gentleman."

After that the roof fell in, and Morty Oge and the few men still with him jumped through an open window, and tried to break the lines, Morty Oge was in his shirt with, as the old account has it, "no weapon of defense save his good Austrian blade." He was shot in the back, but cut his way through the soldiers, and felled Walter FitzSimmons with one blow. He attempted to stride over the high fence, when being shot a second time, he fell down and was senseless. He said something just before he died, but it was in the Irish, and those who were near him did not understand him. It was Sam Swete who shot him—he was one of the "loyal young men of Cork, who had come with the party." All Morty's men were killed or escaped, except Daniel O'Connell and John Sullivan, who were captured that night between Eyeries and the sea. Sullivan Bear identified them. He knew and gave the names of all he saw leaving the house.

Morty's dead body was thrown "in a heap" on a large, flat stone in the yard of the house. There are still to be seen on this stone marks like iron rust (probably hæmatite) and the country people say they are from Morty's blood, and will never be washed away.

The two prisoners were put in irons and bound together. They spoke no words, save to themselves in Irish. Morty's body was thrown across a horse's back and brought over the hills southward to Castletown. So fine a tall man was he that his hair touched the ground at one side of the horse, while his feet trailed it at the other. There was a woman who kept house at Dunboy, and when she saw the body she burst into tears and cried bitterly over it, and spoke of Morty Oge in terms of endearment and admiration. She was stripped and flogged before the people by one of the soldiers.

In the court yard at Castletown the body was left for the night under the falling rain. In the early morning the soldiers who kept guard heard a low, persistent knocking at the gate. They went cautiously to open it, because they feared an attempt might be made to steal the body. An old peasant woman begged permission to see Morty Oge dead. They granted her permission, and when in silence she had gazed upon the dead man for a little while, she stooped down, and, taking off her shoe, struck the pale dead face again, and again, and again—three times. The soldiers asked her why she did this. She opened her cloak and showed a large scar across her breast.

"One night," said she, "while I slept my son lay beside me, Morty Oge came with his men and took him off to the 'Wild Geese.' He clung to me, but their iron hands dragged him from me, and in doing so made that scar—and I will never see him more now." Then she struck Morty Oge again and cursed him.

The following day the government ship sunk Morty Oge's sloop and returned to Castletown. They stayed there for three days and buried the body at Castletown in the court yard. On the fourth day the party got on board the ship to return to Cork, and brought the prisoners with them. They decided to bring the body with them; digging it up again they fastened ropes around it, and dragged it down to the sea. Lashing another rope around it they tied it to the stern, and in this manner brought it in the wake of the ship through the sea to Cork. It was to the keel of the Speedwell they tied it. The fishers along the coast have a tradition that the fish deserted the track through which the vessel went. When they came to Cork they went up the South Channel to where the bride is. They then pulled up the corpse, and severed the head from the body. The head they put high on a spike over the county jail—that was the South gate—and the body was buried in a hole at Kat fort. Such was the end of Morty Oge Sullivan.

At the following assizes the two prisoners, Sullivan and O'Connell, were tried and convicted of the murder of John Puxley. On Aug. 28, 1754, they were both executed on a wooden gallows, and their heads spiked side by side with their master's over the South gate.

The night before the execution Daniel O'Connell composed a threnody or lament over his master's and his own fate. Many verisons of this were still known in the early part of this century, but now it is with difficulty that the entire production can be strung together.

The friends of Morty Oge, who were many, mourned his death in several *caoines*. J. J. Callanan has composed the following verses, compiled from some of these:

The sun upon Ivera no longer shines brightly,
The voice of her music no longer is sprightly,
No more to her maidens the light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully, thou false one, you basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need you should aid him.
He fed thee—he clad thee—you had all could delight thee;
You sold him—they slew him—may Heaven requite thee.

Scully, may all kinds of evil attend thee;
On the dark road of life may no kind one befriend thee;
May fevers long burn thee, and agues long freeze thee;
May the strong hand of God in His red anger sieze thee.

Had he died calmly, I would not deplore him,
Or if the wild strife of the sea war had closed o'er him;
But with ropes around his white limbs, thro' ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter, 'tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse of his people pursue them;
Scully that sold him, the soldier that slew him—
One glimpse of Heaven's light may they see never,
May the hearthstone of Hell be their best bed forever.

In the hole which the vile hands of soldiers had made thee
Unhorned, unshrouded, and headless they laid thee.
No sigh to regret thee—no eye to rain o'er thee—
No dirge to lament thee—no friend to deplore thee.

Dear head of my darling, how gory and pale,
These aged eyes saw thee high spiked on their jail;
That cheek in the summer sun ne'er shall grow warm,
Nor that eye e'er catch light, but the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean, is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork to Ivera of slaughter,
Since the billows were dyed with the red wounds of fear,
Of Muiertach Oge our O'Sullivan Bear.

GAELIC POETRY.

Columcille Re Chan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Gacha Luain, ón! gacha Luain,
Tig Michell, mór an bhualdh;
Tricha aingel, maith a m-bés,
Do bhennachadh a righlés.

Gacha Máirt, ón! gacha Máirt,
Tig Raphael, arga naith,
Do bhennachadh a tighe thall,
Re frestal aige Arann.

Cédain chruaidh, ón! Cédain chruaidh,
Tig Urial, mór an bhualdh:
Go mbennachann fó thri
A roilgi árda aingil.

Gacha Diardain, ón! gacha Diardain,
Tig Sárfal, mór an mbain,
Go sgaillinn rath Dé do nimh
For leccadh loma an lá sin.

Dia h-Aine, ón! Dia h-Aine,
Tig Ramael 'sa line,
Gurab lomnan gach sáil de,
D'ainglibh fiuna fir áil.e.

Tig Muire, Muthair Mhic Dé,
Cona muiradh mar én ré,
Bid aingil annsa ghrafuin,
Bennachaid i Dia Sathairn.

Gin co bédh do bhethadh ann
Acht éstecht aingil Arann,
Ferr na gach bethadh fó nimh,
Estecht ré na ecclebhraibh.

[CRIOCH.]

Columcille Sang.

ST. COLUMCILLE'S FAREWELL TO ARRAN ON SETTING OUT FOR IONA OR I.

The literal translation of this poem is given for the benefit of students. There are several English metrical translations, the best known being that by Aubrey De Vere:

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

On every Monday, Oh! on every Monday,
Cometh Michael, great the advantage,
Thirty angels, propitious their practice,
To bless her churches.

On every Tuesday, Oh! on every Tuesday,
Cometh Raphael, of mysterious power,
To bless her mansion there,
To maintain the piety of Arran.

Wednesday hard, Oh! Wednesday hard,
Cometh Uriel, great the advantage;
Thrice to bless
Her high, angelic churches.

Every Thursday, Oh! every Thursday,
Cometh Sariel, great the treasure,
Dispensing God's benefits from Heaven
On bare stones that day.

On Friday, Oh! on Friday,
Cometh Ramael and his host,
So that every eye is satiated by him,
Of angels fair, truly bright.

Cometh Mary, Mother of the Son of God,
And her charge along with her
Angels are in the group,
They bless it on Saturday.

Tho' there should be no existing life,
But hearing of the angels of Arran,
Better than any life under heaven,
To hear their hymns of praise.

[THE END.]

IRELAND TO BE SEEN AT THE FAIR.

Now that the evenings are growing longer, Mrs. Hart has added another attraction to those already existing at Donegal Castle in the Midway Plaisance, for after the evening concert of Irish music, the audience are delighted by seeing the hills, valleys, cliffs and buildings of Ireland appear with lifelike reality on the walls of the keep of Donegal Castle. Ireland is reproduced in the Irish Village by the magic of the stereopticon, and by the skill of Mr. H. P. Grattan. There will be speeches given by leading Irish orators, and recitations and concerts by the best Irish talent. Dancing on the village green will give gaiety to the proceedings, and in the evening there will be a splendid display of stereopticon views of Ireland in the open air.

GAELIC GAMES.

A Picked Football Team Will Play the New York Champions on Irish Day, at the World's Fair Grounds.

The committee appointed by the Gaelic Athletic Association, to pick a football team to meet the champion W. M. Barrys of New York, have selected the following players:

Forwards—P. Dorkin, T. D. O'Brien, J. Favier, T. Naughton.
Rush—P. Barry, P. McGrath, P. King, W. Powers, P. Nugent.
Quarter-backs—P. Hall, J. Burke.
Half-backs—P. Martin, P. Kearney, T. Kelleher.
Full-backs—J. Myles, D. Ahern.
Right wing—P. T. Murphy, E. Ahern.
Left wing—P. Egney, W. O'M. Burke.
Goal—T. Dillon.

Two games are arranged to be played, one on Irish Day in the Stock Pavilion at the World's Fair grounds, between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and the other on the following day (Sunday) at the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana ave. The association is also trying to have another game on the Monday after, which, if they are successful in doing, will, with the other games give admirers of this branch of athletics an opportunity of gratifying their most sanguine anticipations. There will be a practice match on Sunday next at the association's grounds, when the picked team will play one selected from the four teams scheduled for that day. This will afford a good opportunity of seeing what the chances are of wresting championship honors from the eastern team.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The funeral of the Rev. H. N. O'Brien, who died on Aug. 28, took place on Thursday, Aug. 31. It was largely attended by all classes. The service was performed by the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. Canon Finlay, and the Rev. Mr. Pillor.

The death of the Rev. Arnold Wall, P.P., Baltinglass, occurred on Aug. 28. The event is deplored by his parishioners, and indeed by everyone in the extensive parish. The grief of the people of the people of Baltinglass is to a large extent shared by the people of Carlow. Over ninety priests attended the office, and the attendance bore eloquent testimony to the esteem in which he was held. The interment took place immediately after the office.

The high sheriff of Dublin, Councillor Doherty, was selected yesterday at a meeting of the Nationalist party in the corporation as their nominee for the office of lord mayor of Dublin during next year. Needless to say, the high sheriff is one of the best esteemed citizens of Dublin and members of the corporation. In O'Connell Bridge and Grattan Bridge one finds in the Irish capital lasting monuments of his work for the beauty of the city and the convenience of the citizens. And his conduct in the city council has been always that of an honorable and useful member. —*Irish Daily Independent, Sept. 9.*

Dr. R. L. Swan of Dublin is suffering from serious illness consequent upon a slight wound received in making a post mortem examination.

The regular weekly meeting of the Athy athletic committee was held on Sept. 4, Thomas Dignan in the chair. Thomas Plowman and W. W. Baldwin reported having visited Dublin that day and purchased the balance of the prizes. They considered they had procured a good selection and one that would please competitors. The meeting then proceeded to appoint officers for the day of the sports, and after transacting some ordinary business, adjourned.

Munster.

Mr. James Horan, J. P., manager of the Limerick branch of the National Bank, died suddenly at his official residence in George's street Sept. 3, from the bursting of a blood vessel in the head.

Rev. James O'Neill, P.P., Inagh, died suddenly at Kilkee on Sept. 5. He had only arrived at Kilkee, where he intended to make a brief sojourn. Death is attributed to apoplexy. Father O'Neill was for many years stationed as curate in Kilrush, where he was very popular, and general regret is felt at his sudden demise.

Sept. 5 the dead body of a man named John Hartnett, employed by the Provincial Bank manager at Mallow, was found at the Mallow railway station, in the reservoir at the goods side of the station. Hartnett had been missing from his home for some time. The face of the corpse was bleeding a little, the hands bent and partly disfigured, and a bouquet was fastened in the buttonhole of his coat.

On Sept. 2 a man named Cairnduff, of Cork, was rescued from an extremely perilous position while bathing in Fennell's bay, Crosshaven. He went into a very deep part of the bay, and finding himself drifting beyond his depth, called for assistance. A boy named Ahern was first attracted by his cries, but the struggles of the drowning man also brought the coastguard watchmen, who promptly rescued Mr. Cairnduff.

Connacht.

Mrs. Annie Layng, wife of William Layng, died at Tulleyvilla, Tobercurry, on Aug. 26, aged 67 years.

The death is announced of Mrs. Mary McDonnell, wife of Patrick McDonnell, and sister of the Rev. M. Dempsey, Banada Abbey, which occurred at her residence, Pulmagowna Cottage, on Sept. 2. High mass was celebrated at Meelick at 11 o'clock Monday, Sept. 4, after which the interment took place in the family cemetery at Killaser.

About 2 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 3 some roughs or corner-boys were loitering about the door of Mr. P. Corcoran in Abbeygate street, Galway. They refused to go away, and Mr. Corcoran, intending to frighten them, fired a shot, which unfortunately hit one named O'Connell on the back. The shot was extracted at the county hospital. Mr. Corcoran was placed under arrest, until the doctor certifies Connell out of danger.

The death is announced of Mr. Peter O'Connor, J.P., Cairnsfoot, Sligo, at the age of 92 years. Mr. O'Connor was a descendant of the family of O'Connors, Sligo. He was remarkable for his liberality and benevolence to the poor. His contributions towards the erection of schoolhouses and churches were unlimited, his subscription towards the Sligo cathedral alone being estimated at £10,000. Mr. O'Connor, notwithstanding his advanced age, was able to attend the local boards. The deceased was born at Edenbawn, near Sligo, and was married to the daughter of a Sligo merchant named O'Connor. The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch and the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly were present at the funeral obsequies.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Approaching Dinner Hour
Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.
It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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ADVERTISEMENT FOR NEXT OF KIN.

PURSUANT TO A DECREE MADE BY HIS Honor, the County Court Judge of the County of Kildare, Ireland, in the matter of Eliza Leigh, deceased, James Leigh, Administrator of Eliza Leigh, Plaintiff, William Leigh, Defendant, the next of kin of the said Eliza Leigh, late of the Carlow District Lunatic Asylum, Ireland, and formerly of Blackrath, in the county of Kildare, Ireland, spinster, deceased, who died at said Carlow asylum on the 8th day of February, 1890, are, on or before the 27th day of November, 1893, to send by post, prepaid, to I. Whiteside Dane, Esq., Clerk of the Crown and Peace, Court House, Naas, County Kildare, Ireland, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, duly verified by affidavit, or in default they will be peremtorily excluded from the benefit of said decree.
Dated this 19th day of August, 1893.
I. WHITESIDE DANE,
Clerk of the Crown and Peace.
STEPHEN J. BROWN,
Solicitor for the Plaintiff, Naas, Ireland.

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SING ME A SONG.

Sing me a song, some old, loved tune,
To ease my heart of its weight and care;
Sing as you did when the world was June,
With glorious sun or silver moon,
And the perfume of flowers was in the air.

Sing me a song; some little air
That you used to sing in the long ago,
When you were younger, but not more fair,
And we knew naught of the burden of care.
Sing sweet and soft and low.

Sing me a song, then we'll say good night.
We'll say good night with a tear and a sigh,
To our own June time, when the world was bright
With summer sun or soft starlight.
We'll say good night and goodby, goodby.
—George F. Brennan in Brooklyn Eagle.

A WILD NIGHT.

An engineers' party of one of the big mines in Sonora, Mexico, were going into Nogales, A. T., to spend a few days and rest from the hard labor they had put in during several weeks. They rode north all day and scarcely exchanged a word between one another, but as they got toward their destination it began to grow dark, and then an argument arose. Some wanted to push on and get into the United States, which was still about 15 miles away, and others wanted to go into camp just where they were and move on again early in the morning.

Both plans met opposition from a few, and then one member of the party said he knew where there was a house at which they could stop. He had never stopped there, but he had seen the place from a distance and had been told that it was a sort of tavern. The plan seemed a good one, and all were willing to go off the road and find comfort for the night.

Then the man who knew of the place began to describe the location exactly. All listened attentively, and when he had finished one member of the party, Fred Brewster by name, said: "Boys, I ain't in it. You fellows go to your hotel, but I'll ride all the way to Nogales by myself before I go there."

"Why, what's the matter?" all asked at once.

"Well, I can't tell you in a few words, but I have been there once, and I will never go there again unless I am carried."

All became excited at once and wanted to know all about it, and at the same time they made up their minds to go to the place. But they did not like to leave Fred on the road and urged him to come along. They said there was no danger with such a crowd, and they were all well armed and good fighters.

"But you can't fight with what you find there," said Fred.

This remark made the others only more curious, but they told Fred to hurry up and give his reasons, as they would have to be moving along in a minute.

"Well, fellows, I'll tell you," said Fred hesitatingly, "but the fact is, the place is haunted, and I won't go there; so goodby."

A change came over the crowd in an instant, and all called loudly to Fred, who had started off on his horse, to come back.

"I guess we won't go to that place tonight," said one member of the party, and all came to the same conclusion in a moment. Fred came back, and it was then agreed to camp where they were. But a strange silence had fallen over the party at the mention of a ghost. The idea of confronting the supernatural will shake the nerves of the oldest plainsman.

As the fire was being built and the work of fixing for the night proceeded with, all who came near to Fred told him how glad they were that he had mentioned the fact about the haunted house. Not that they were afraid of ghosts. Oh, no! But a place of that kind could not be comfortable after it had such a name.

After supper had been disposed of and clouds of tobacco smoke were mingling with the glare from the campfire, the crowd revived a little and asked Fred to tell the story of his experience in the haunted building, but all the time every man was looking over his shoulder at frequent intervals. Still the story had to come, and as Fred had aroused the curiosity of the crowd he knew there was no use to try to get out of it, so he proceeded at once when he had found a comfortable spot on his blanket, where he could look into the fire and see the wreaths of smoke curl upward until they mingled with the stars.

"It's only a couple of months ago," commenced Fred, "since I was at that place, and why I am here now is more than I understand. I didn't say anything about it at the time, because you know a fellow don't like to speak of such things.

"But I was caught out one evening over there on the desert and was about to make my bed on the horse blanket when I saw the house from a distance and thought I might be able to get some sort of lodging there, so I went in that direction. Before I got to the place I struck a good, well marked road and wondered why I had never heard there was a road over that way. But I didn't bother very much, as I was too glad to get to the place, which, as I neared, I saw to be quite a large building. When I got up to it I found that it was a hotel and seemed to be in a prosperous condition.

"The landlord came out and took my horse, telling me to go into the front door, where I was met by his wife, who proved to be a kind, good natured lady and seemed anxious to do everything she could for me. They got me a very good supper, and we sat in the corridor talking about different things until it grew quite late.

"Both were so good natured and pleasant that I hated to leave them, but when I said I wished to retire they led me across a large clean court with a fountain playing in the center and trees and flowers blooming everywhere.

"My rooms were large and furnished in a substantial manner, but somehow they looked very old fashioned, and the whitewash on the walls was smooth, but a sort of gray in color, as if from age. There were no pictures of any kind on the walls, and the only relief to the large blank spaces was the shining brass crucifix. It seemed to be looking at me while I was looking about the rooms and stirring the fire, which was necessary because the place is high and the nights are cold.

"It must have been about midnight when I blew out the candle and got into bed. Oh, how cold the sheets were. It made me feel as if I was getting into a coffin. But it did not make much difference, and I was soon dozing off, but I was too tired to go to sleep at once.

"As I lay there it seemed to me I saw a pink flame come from the candle and rise up toward the ceiling, where it disappeared. Then another came, and they kept coming, but I thought I must be very fatigued and worn out, and that they were the result of my imagination. Then some animal seemed to rush across the fireplace, but when I looked all I saw was a pile of red embers and the corners of the room filled with dark, impenetrable shadows. I listened, but as no sound struck my ear I thought I had better give myself a rest and turned my face to the wall and went to sleep in an instant.

"I may have slept several hours, and it may have been only a few minutes, but I suddenly came to my senses and found the room filled with a peculiar red glare that seemed to come from everywhere at once. Then I heard strange sounds, as if there were people in the rooms. But I couldn't see any, and I might as well say that I began to feel very queer and reached for my revolvers, but found that I had left them in my saddle. But I had my knife, which I took hold of and kept ready for any emergency.

"The silence was unbroken for a long time, and then I heard one of the most unearthly yells that ever struck my ears. It seemed just outside of my door, so I got up and peeped out. But all was quiet, and the fountain was splashing in the moonlight, and the water in the basin was sparkling cheerfully. It did not seem as if there was anything wrong, but I determined to ask the landlord about it and went across the court to find him. It was very cold, and as I called to him my teeth chattered dreadfully. No answer came to my call, so I went back to my room and put on more clothes.

"Then I walked all over the house, but as I did not know where the landlord's room was of course I couldn't find him.

"I had reached the front hall where I entered the building and was debating what to do when that unearthly howl reached my ears again. This time it was just in front of the door, and I opened it as quick as I could so as to see what was there.

"But it was the same as before. I looked over the desert for miles on one side, and on the other the view was broken by the mountains, which came to within a short distance of the house. Seeing nothing, I stepped outside, my knife in my hand, and looked around.

"Before I could realize what was going to happen I saw two enormous panthers come from somewhere. They were standing on their hind legs and growling ferociously.

"A moment later I was paralyzed with fear and then turned to the door so as to get inside and escape the monsters. But horror! The door had blown shut and the latch had caught on the inside, so there was no way to open it. There may have been some string or other arrangement, but I did not know where to find it, so was at the mercy of the animals.

"There was nothing to do but fight, so I took a firmer grip on my knife and waited for the attack, but felt that it was certain death to me. The beasts were the largest I ever saw, and they were beside me in an instant. The largest one made a jump for me, and I dealt it a blow over the heart that I thought settled it, for it rolled over on the ground and laid still. The other was frightened for a few minutes and hesitated about attacking me, but I now had hope, with only one to fight.

"How I finished the animal is more than I can tell, as my memory is very dull on that point. But he made a rush at me which I had to dodge, and I made an attempt to get behind him. I had almost succeeded and could have done my work right there, but my foot slipped, and I fell down, and before I could get to my feet the panther jumped on me. But in some strange way he jumped for my feet, and I got hold of his tail and commenced gashing his hind legs with my knife.

"For several minutes the air seemed in a whirl, and I was all mixed up with my antagonist, but unable to get in a telling cut. We fought and rolled over on the ground until I was covered with wounds, but at last I saw my chance and plunged my knife in the animal's stomach and gave a downward rip. It did the work enough to let me get up and find the animal's heart with the steel.

"I looked at my two victims a moment and then started to awaken the landlord by pounding on the door.

"Suddenly I was grabbed from behind with terrible force, and turning around saw that both of the animals I had left for dead had got up again and were about to make short work of me.

"I had no show this time and calmly waited for the end to come. Both the panthers got hold of me and started for the mountains, dragging me over the stones and logs as if I was a feather, and the speed they made seemed swift as lightning. I had no idea of where I was going and didn't care, as I had no hope of escape and fully expected to be taken to the panthers' lair and devoured.

"I was right about the place, because I was soon dragged to a sort of gorge that had a cavern at one end. I was taken to this place and laid on the ground, and both my enemies sat and looked at me.

"Somehow I was not hurt very much and was able to move easily. I made an attempt to sit up, but was promptly pushed back by the larger of the panthers. Then both began to howl, and near by I could hear other howls that proved to be those of cubs. The little fellows came out and wanted to make a meal of me right there, but were stopped for some reason by the older ones.

"What was to be done with me was now a most important question to me. The old ones did not seem as if they wanted to devour me nor let the cubs do it. But this the cubs objected to and commenced on my feet, which were badly bitten before the old ones could stop them. Then one of the boldest of the cubs made a rush for my throat, but I kept him away with my arm.

"This seemed to anger the old panthers, for they chased the young ones back to the cave and then took hold of me again and started somewhere.

"They went faster than before, and it was not long, although it seemed ages to me, before I was laid down on the ground. I opened my eyes and found that I was in front of the door of the hotel. I looked again and saw that it was open, and that the panthers were sitting down and watching me closely. But the temptation was too great, and I had to seize the chance of escape, although it looked like certain death.

"I made a sudden jump and got inside the door and closed it after me as the two beasts threw their huge bodies against it.

"I was now safe and commenced calling the landlord and wondered why he had not heard the fight. It was also evident that he had got up and opened the door. But no landlord came, and as it seemed to me I had looked in every part of the house before I gave up finding him and went to my room, where everything was just as I had left it, except that the candle had gone out, but the fire was burning brightly.

"I wanted to wash my wounds, and as there was not much water in the pitcher on the stand I went out to the basin of the fountain. It was most refreshing to let the soft cold water fall over my head, and in a short time I did not feel the least bit as if I had been through such a terrible struggle. I sat down on one of the seats in the court for some time before going to bed, but the moonlight, flower trees and the splashing fountain were not long in producing a feeling of drowsiness, so that when I laid down I was asleep in an instant.

"When I awoke, it was late in the day, and the sun was streaming in all around me. For several minutes I was dumfounded and wondered how I got into the place where I was.

"It was the same room in which I had laid down to sleep, but it looked as if nobody had entered it for 100 years. I was lying on a pile of rubbish, and everything around me was in the last stages of decay. I got up and went into the court, but the fountain was dry, and nothing could be seen but crumbling walls. There was no sign of vegetation, and the trees and flowers had vanished with the water.

"I was in an awful state of mind and thought at first that I had slept in that room for years and years. But when I made my way to the outer door by climbing over rubbish and fallen timbers and looked out the first thing I saw was the two dead panthers, and a short distance off my horse, with his saddle still on him, tied to a cactus.

"My mind was in a whirl, but I had no desire to skin the animals, so I got on my horse and went to Nogales as fast as I could, where I put in several days doctoring my wounds and getting my mind back into its natural state.

"I did not attempt to solve the mystery, as I felt sure the whole affair was supernatural, and the sooner I can forget it the better I will feel."

The crowd had all been silent during Fred's story, and most of them had allowed their pipes to go out, but when he had finished several commenced to ask questions. But all were glad they had not passed a night in the old place and said they did not blame Fred for not wanting to go there again.—San Francisco Call.

Buddha Avenged Himself.

A curious story is told of a white elephant once shown in a circus at Bangkok. The circus belonged to an Englishman named Wilson. He advertised boldly in the sacred city of Bangkok that he had a real white elephant in his show. His tent was crowded to suffocation, and sure enough the elephant which appeared was snow white. It had been whitewashed, and the clown made great fun out of rubbing himself against it and bringing the white off on his clothes. It is easy to imagine how outraged the Siamese felt, and European residents feared that he would be lynched, but the Siamese loftily remarked that Buddha would avenge himself—that man and elephant were to die, and when the elephant died at sea a few days afterward and the proprietor was carried off by dysentery as soon as he landed at Singapore, they were justified of faith exultingly.—London Tit-Bits.

Why Buried With Head to the West.

All Christian nations, I believe, bury their dead with the head to the west. There is a "why" for this, just as there is for every other known custom. As far as I have been able to ascertain after an exhaustive search of all the leading authorities, our present custom in burial modes originated in primitive times, when the people believed in corporeal resurrection. They had an idea that inasmuch as the star that heralded Christ's coming first appeared in the east, "judgment day" would be ushered in with the Lord's appearance in the same direction, and that when they "arose from the dead" they would be facing him whose mission will be that of sounding the doom of all earthly things.—St. Louis Republic.

Must Be Identified.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. McCaslin of Chicago are the first couple who have been compelled to advertise in the papers requesting all "World's fair relatives" to bring identification papers. The advertisement, which appeared in the personal column of the Chicago Tribune, reads as follows:

NOTICE.—Having entertained all known relatives for World's fair, relatives in future must be identified. Foreign papers please copy.
MR. AND MRS. S. W. MCCASLIN.

GLIMPSES IN A MINT.

THE PROCESSES OF COINING THE PRECIOUS METALS.

"Making Money Is Just Like Making Cake," Says a Mint Officer—Mixed, Rolled Out and Cut—The Work Women Do In the Philadelphia Money Factory.

It is rather difficult to attempt a description of how money is made. Even encyclopedias, which are supposed to be equal to any and all emergencies, object to that. In a measure they are right. To get the best idea of the multiple and minute processes of minting one must be an eyewitness. It adds charm to the proceedings to stand by the dusty furnaces, arranged in sentinellike rows, to see them open their jaws and to look right down into the fiery cavern, where insatiable tongues of flame are licking up the molten masses of silver and gold.

A day or two ago Officer Brown, standing beside a visitor who had watched with all the fascination of a novice the great iron mouths opening and closing, betrayed himself into a neat little explanation of the process of minting money. Officer Brown has been many years at the mint, so the visitor listened with interest as to one who spoke with authority. Here is the process in a nutshell:

"Making money," said he, with one of those eloquent waves of the hands he keeps by him to use on explanatory occasions such as these, "is just like making cake. You mix the dough; we mix the metal. You roll out the dough into shape; we roll out the metal into bars. You cut the dough into cakes; we cut the metal into coins. Then we stamp them. The metal left over is melted up and used again, just as the cook gathers up the left overs, rolls them again and cuts more cakes."

In other words, an amount of metal, say the equivalent of $90,000 in gold, which chemically is made up of 90 per cent gold and 10 per cent copper, is put into a black lead crucible about the size of a peck measure. It is kept in the furnace 1 hour and 15 minutes. The workman watches his gold as sacredly as the cook her cakes, and when the molten liquid is brought to the proper consistency he takes a three cornered black lead cup, about the size that would fit a monkey's head, and dips up $8,000 worth of the metal at a time, pouring it out again with that marvelous dexterity, which only comes from practice, into molds holding $1,000 each. Nothing can be more beautiful than the fiery stream of young and pure gold as it glides into the locked arms of the iron mold. When the liquid solidifies it forms a bar, or, to be technically correct, an ingot about 12 inches long and about half an inch thick.

These ingots are subjected to a process of rolling out which lengthens them without increasing the width. The bars are then ready to be cut. One machine cuts the coin; another stamps them after the process of milling has been performed. Milling, in mint parlance, has somewhat of a different signification than in ordinary vernacular. It signifies the rolling over of the edge of the coin preparatory to stamping it with the minute denticulations which are commonly known as the milling. The latter is part of the process of stamping and is done at the time that the signet is put on the coin.

Speaking of stamping introduces the large corps of women who form a considerable part of the working force of the mint. About 100 of them are employed, and they attend entirely to the adjusting and stamping. It may be said in explanation of the process of the term "adjusting" that every coin before it is shaped is carefully weighed. If too heavy, the edge is delicately filed until the coin is of lawful weight; if too light, the piece is sent to be remelted. This process of weighing and adjusting is an employment to which women, with their delicacy of touch, are well suited. They are also in charge of the stamping. Incidentally it may be said that most presses stamp from 80 to 110 coins every minute. In one short hour $45,000 in $10 gold pieces can be stamped around the edge and on both sides.

There is another part of the work which comes under the charge of the women employed at the mint. They do the sewing. At first thought it seems a trifle incongruous to associate sewing with minting money, but all the bags used by the mint are sewed in the building. The bags are made of white duck and run up by machine, being sewed twice for security. The bagmaking is no small thing when you come to consider the number it takes to pack up the newly coined wealth of the country each year. The 5 cent pieces are packed in $50 bags and the pennies in $10 bags, small silver in $1,000 and the gold in $5,000 pouches. Roughly speaking, last year fully 2,000 bags were made up for gold alone, 16,000 for silver, 5,000 for half dollars, besides many thousands for the smaller coins.—Philadelphia Times.

Cost of Superstition.

"Don't you know this haunted house idea has a tremendous hold on people's minds?" said a dealer in residence property. "I have several houses on my hands for either rent or sale that somehow seem slow to take, and I now know at least one of the reasons. There was a murder committed in one, and several suicides have occurred in another, and when a buyer or renter goes to look at these houses some galoot of a neighbor will stick his head into other people's business and squeal about the happenings in those houses, and no matter what the prospective customer thought of the property that settles it. People don't want houses where murders and suicides have been committed."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Feminine Postscript.

Tommy—There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call Postscript. Can you guess why?

Mamma—No, dear.

Tommy—Because her name is Adaline Moore.—London Tit-Bits.

An Obscure Litterateur.

It seems odd that a man could make $12,000 a year in New York by writing fiction, die and remain as utterly unknown as if he had never existed. Arthur Elder Nelson, whose death occurred some days since, was such a man. He did not get even a three line obituary in any newspaper. His dealings were mostly with two huge New York concerns devoted exclusively to the manufacture of dime and half dime novels, and his specialty was the fiction that deals with boy pirates, boy highwaymen, robbers and other equally interesting juveniles. He started six years ago, when he was 25. Educated and refined (he was an Oxford man), he came to this country shortly after attaining his majority. His first effort in the line of blood and thunder narrative was made during his leisure as a drug clerk.

The success of his production encouraged him to persevere, and for the last two years he had worked steadily. His publishers say that his own share of the profits of his pen last year were $12,000, and he lived pretty well up to his income. He spoke four languages, and his wide reading and ripe scholarship enabled him to wander at will in the highways of literature, plundering wherever he saw an opportunity. Thus his works were, as a rule, mere plagiarisms brought down to his reader's level. He never aspired to anything higher. Certainly if he had wished to be a serious writer his income could never have exceeded say $3,500 a year, even had he attained great vogue. As it was, he kept a horse and carriage and enjoyed life.—Journalist.

A Folding Bridge.

There is a peculiar folding bridge at Canal street, Chicago, at a place where the Chicago river is too narrow to permit the use of a swing bridge with a pier in the middle of the stream. It consists of a movable roadway which divides in the center over the middle of the stream. Each half of the bridge is hinged at about one-third of its length from the shore. This permits the parts overhanging the river to drop down in front of the abutments, while the shorter hinged portions rise, forming a gate which intercepts the passage of teams or pedestrians. The two halves of the bridge are supported by heavy bars reaching down from steel towers about 50 feet high.

The whole bridge is 177 feet long, the movable part 100 feet and the actual span over the Chicago river 80 feet. The roadway is 21 feet wide, and there is a seven foot passage on each side. The whole structure is built of steel and weighs 130 tons. It is operated by a 10 horsepower engine on each side of the river, aided by a system of counter weights, the machinery being below the level of the bridge. It is operated very quickly, and the span has been opened or closed in 15 seconds. The structure cost but about $40,000, including the masonry abutments, and is very strong, a 20 ton steam roller passing over it without serious deflection.—Exchange.

Indian Simplicity.

An amusing story comes from the Wabigoon Lake Indian reserve, Canada. It seems that white men, regardless of treaty stipulations, have been poaching upon the preserves of the Indians. The red men resented this, but were at a loss what to do about the matter, as the white men paid no heed to their objections.

After much debate among themselves they concluded to carry their case to the highest authority. The chief went to Barclay station, therefore, and sent the following cable message:

To Prince of Wales, London:
White men cutting timber on Eagle lake. Would you kindly come and settle matter? This was given to us. Please advise.
KAH KIWAASH, Chief Wabigoon Lake.

We may smile at the Indian's simplicity, but his confidence and his wrongs certainly deserve some consideration.—Youth's Companion.

The Warm Salt Bath.

Warm salt baths taken at a temperature of 90 to 95 degrees are eminently suited for those with whom the open sea bath does not agree. Many people believe—and it is an idea that is hard to kill—that a warm bath at this temperature is "relaxing," but as a restorative after bodily fatigue, especially in hot weather, or as a means to relieve muscular pain and tension, it is difficult to find a better substitute. We go further and hold that such a bath is better than open air bathing for the nervous and debilitated, and especially in cases of irritability arising from mental worry, sleeplessness, intemperance and late hours. And the efficacy of such a bath in lumbago, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica and neuralgia is time honored and is capable of everyday demonstration. — London Lancet.

Depended Upon the Decision.

Judge B. F. Dennison was once arguing a case before Judge Roger S. Greene, and in the course of his remarks he kept constantly referring to "Browne on Statute of Frauds," always making two syllables of the word Browne and pronouncing it as if it were Brown-ee.

Judge Greene fidgeted around in his chair, stood the mispronunciation as long as he could and then blurted out:

"Judge, why do you say Brown-ee? You wouldn't call me Green-ee, would you?"

Judge Dennison slowly replied in a rather dry tone of voice:

"That depends on how your honor decides this case." — Germantown Telegraph.

Ivy a Foe to Dampness.

The growth of ivy on the walls of houses renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick or stones for its own sustenance by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling upon them from point to point until it reaches the ground without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain. —Detroit Free Press.

THE CRIMINAL EYE.

Frequently an Aid to the Detective In Following Cases.

Eyes are the most certain revealers of the criminal nature. Many an expert detective tells a criminal by just one glance—not at him, but from him. The criminal eye varies greatly in setting, but not so much in color. Sometimes it is deeply placed in the head, as if it tried to hide, fearing the result of its own involuntary revelations. Sometimes it is bulgy, protrusive like a frog's and heavy lidded. Such eyes, taken in connection with some other signs, denote treachery, lechery, loquacity, mendacity and general cruelty, with just enough cowardice to prevent the criminal from doing murder except insidiously or through others.

Of the criminal eye there are many remarkable anecdotes. The murderer Francesconi had little about him to indicate the ferocity that ambushed in his breast. His forehead was high and smooth; his beard was plentiful. To most people he rendered himself rather companionable by a certain cheap facetiousness that often masquerades as wit, and on account of this social quality Francesconi's conceit was tolerated, and his huge egotism did not have its full chance to repel people.

But years before his crime a young girl—afterward the Countess della Rocca—who had never left home and who lacked experience of life, recoiled from him violently when introduced and refused to endure his presence. When questioned why she behaved thus toward one who stood so high socially, she answered, "If that man has not already murdered people, he will do so." This girlish prophecy very soon came true, and when Lombroso inquired by what sign she had foretold she replied: "The eyes. I saw him in his eyes."—Henry Austin in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Farmer's Mission.

A plaster image which commands an extraordinary sale in the country districts of Germany represents society thus:

On the steps of a sort of stairway which ascends to a little level landing and then comes down again are seven human figures. One represents the emperor, with scepter and crown; another, a nobleman bearing a sword; another, a priest in his cassock; another, a helmeted and armed soldier; another, a beggar with staff and pouch, and last of all, at the foot of the ladder, a farmer or peasant carrying a heavy sack of grain.

Upon each of these figures there is a little legend which represents what each character is supposed to be saying.

The emperor—who, by the way, is not the highest placed figure in the group, that honor having been reserved for the Jew—says, "I govern you all."

The nobleman says, "I lord it over you all."

The priest says, "I pray for you all."

The Jew from his commanding position at the "top of the heap" says, "I make money out of you all."

The soldier says, "I protect you all."

The mendicant says, "I beg from you all."

The farmer, sweating under his burden at the foot of everything, murmurs, "God's will be done, but I feed all six of you!"—Youth's Companion.

The Desire For Happiness.

There are some stars that we cannot see at all when we look straight at them, but which become visible when we look to one side. So there are things that we cannot get when we try directly for them, but which presently fall into our laps if only we try hard enough for something else. Everybody knows it is that way with happiness. Make it a primary object, and it leads you a doubtful chase, but ignore it in the rational pursuit of something else, and presently you may find it perched unnoticed on your shoulder like a bird whose tail has felt the traditional influence of salt.

So, of course, the very first essential to the achievement of happiness of any durable sort is to rise above the necessity of being happy at all. It may be conducive to this sort of achievement to remember that great spirits in all times have found in their own involuntary discontent a spur to exalted endeavor. Neither Lincoln nor Balzac nor Carlyle was a happy man, but they put the saddle and bridle on their own depression and rode it under whip and spur into immortality. Columbus himself had low spirits, and Socrates and the judicious Hooker both had Xantippes.—Exchange.

Trinity's Bronze Doors.

Two of the three bronze doors which William Waldorf Astor has given to Trinity church, in New York, have been put in places in the side portals of the church and already have attracted the attention of many visitors. Each door is the independent conception of a sculptor, while all three are parts of the plan of an architect. Richard M. Hunt drew the architectural design into which the doors are fitted. To Carl Bitter was assigned the great front portal. His work is now under way, having been delayed by the sculptor's occupation in the decoration of the Administration building at the World's fair. When he has finished his panels and the front door is cast in bronze, it will be swung, and the whole will be formally dedicated.—New York Letter.

Routed the Dog Catchers.

Dog catchers on Tuesday attempted to capture a canine belonging to a certain butcher. The butcher and a crowd of bystanders gave chase after the wagon, and overtaking it stopped the vehicle, cut the harness, set the horse loose, released all the imprisoned dogs and gave the dog catcher and his assistants a severe mauling.—New York News.

The British Crown Plate.

The British crown plate includes a peacock of precious stones, valued at £85,000, which came from India; a tiger's head with a solid ingot of gold for a tongue and crystal teeth, and a magnificent gold shield, valued at nearly £10,000, which was made from snuffboxes by order of George IV.—London Tit-Bits.

AN UNUSUAL ANÆSTHETIC.

A Dentist's Experience With a Woman and an Aching Tooth.

The drummer had told a commercial story, and the dentist, who had been extracting much pleasure therefrom, followed with a professional yarn.

"At one time in my early practice in a country town," he said, "there came to me a very nervous woman to have a tooth extracted. She carried on so that I could scarcely get her into the chair, and as soon as I put the forceps near her mouth she screamed and bounced around so I couldn't do anything with her. After two or three visits, each worse than the other, I suggested that I take her to the nearest large town, where a dentist administered gas. Well, the tooth hurt her so that at last she consented, and I took her there, about 25 miles by rail.

"I went armed with a pair of forceps as a matter of habit, and when we got to the place and she saw the gas bag and other appliances she had them again worse than before, and I had to give it up and take her back home. I was thoroughly provoked and felt like taking a club to her, but she had money and was paying for her foolishness, so I tried to restrain my feelings. About 10 miles out from town as the train was plugging along about 20 miles an hour, and she was holding her jaw and I was holding mine, in the seat beside her, we struck a broken rail, and the last thing I knew we were rolling down an embankment and being piled up at the bottom in a very promiscuous fashion. I don't know how it came about, but I wasn't hurt much, and when my senses were fully restored I dragged my patient out through a window and laid her on a bank near by. She was pretty badly bruised and had been knocked senseless, and as I was endeavoring to restore her a brilliant thought occurred to me. The next moment I had out my forceps, and the next I had out the confounded tooth. Two hours later one of the physicians who had been summoned had restored her to consciousness, and as she opened her eyes and saw me standing by her side she clapped her hand to her jaw and exclaimed:

"'Oh, doctor, I knew it would be terrible, but I didn't think it would be so bad as that. However, though, it is out at last.'

"Then she went to sleep, and it was a week before she knew the real facts in the case."

"Did she pay you anything extra?" queried the drummer doubtfully.

"No," smiled the dentist, "but the railroad company did—$5,000—and I got half."—Detroit Free Press.

Where Iron Is Sacred.

Among the Baralongs, a great African people, iron is a sacred object. They are expert workers in metal, which they still smelt from its native ore by the most primitive methods ever devised by man. This art was to them in former days a source of wealth, influence and power and the legend is that when people did not know the value of the stones found in their brooks a "wise man" saw a vision. The spirit of his chief stood beside him and said, "Gather stones and burn them to make spears." The sage thought it was a dream and that the chief was hungry, so he sacrificed an ox. But the vision returned, and the chief looked sorrowful. He stood a long time, and at last said:

"My son, why do you not obey your father? Go to the river, gather stones and make a hot fire. After that you will see iron with your eyes."

The sage was greatly frightened and feared some calamity, but dared not refuse. When he had made a hot fire, iron came out of it, and then he knew the chief had taken pity on his children. He told his son the secret before he died, but he was a vain coxcomb, and wishing to show his own wisdom made iron in the presence of strangers, and so the secret of the art was lost to his tribe, but they have always continued to regard iron as sacred above all other metals.—Million.

Wisconsin's Indians.

In 1836, when Wisconsin was organized as a territory, the civilized tribes of Indians living in Wisconsin were the Brothertowns, the Stockbridges and the Oneidas. The two former were located on Lake Winnebago, in Calumet county. By acts of congress all the Brothertowns and a part of the Stockbridges were made citizens of the United States. The uncivilized Indians were the Pottawatomies and the Winnebagoes.

We live in what was the Menomon Indian country in 1836. At that time they could muster at least 2,000 warriors. Now they are civilized. They furnished many excellent soldiers for the Union army, and that service accelerated the civilization of the tribe. Probably they could not now furnish over 200 men fit for military service.

The Chippewas diminish less rapidly, but the Pottawatomies are nearly extinct in this state. The Winnebagoes were sent to Nebraska, but several bands returned and have homestead lands in northwest Wisconsin. They do not progress much in the direction of civilization.—Appleton (Wis.) Crescent.

Merriment at a Funeral.

Merriment is regarded as out of place at a funeral, yet an inhabitant of Montgaillard, who had been dubbed the "Misanthrope" on account of his gloomy and reserved disposition, inserted a clause in his will to the effect that any of his relations who should presume to shed tears at his funeral would be disinherited, and on the other hand he who laughed most heartily was to be his sole heir. He further gave directions that neither his house nor the church was to be hung with black cloth on the day of his burial, but both were to be decorated with flowers and green boughs, while, instead of the melancholy tolling of bells, the ceremony was to be accompanied with drums, fiddles and fifes. There is reason to believe that the funeral was conducted in exact accordance with these peculiar instructions.—Exchange.

The Ozeye Daisy.

The field daisy is an anomaly in the American flora. Formerly it was the most despised and detested of all noxious weeds. We say noxious because it was the abhorrence and often the despair of the farmer. His name for it was white weed, when, from a certain legend connected with it, it was not something worse. It was tenacious of its place in the soil when it once obtained a place there beyond any other nuisance of the grass field. Plowing did little good. If it did not still stay in the furrows, it would find its way out in the manure next year and uprear its saucy head more fresh and blooming than ever.

The worst of it all was that it was always beautiful. The esthetic sense is not greatly developed in the average farmer, and when it conflicts with his profits it is never anywhere. He could not see its beauties, and in earlier days almost every one else was with him. But of late the beauty of the daisy has been too much for the sense of utility. It has become a fashionable flower. Its plenty no longer precludes it from this distinction.

Maidens go into ecstasies over it, as Oscar Wilde not long since bowed down in adoration to the sunflower. While it is but the worst of weeds in one quarter, it is enshrined in another. Here indeed is an anomaly, and it seems in a fair way to be continued.

Fashion has put its stamp on the flower to stay, while those to whom it is a nuisance will still regard it only as to the grass field what the canker worm or the caterpiller is to the orchard.—Boston Herald.

The Sissy Boy "Called Down."

It was on an Illinois Central train. A gentleman who loves pure air had opened a window and was soon made aware of the fact that his action had incurred the displeasure of a young fellow in sissy boy bangs and the two young ladies who accompanied him. "Aside" remarks were made. The young man turned up his coat collar and pretended he was cold. The ladies imitated him in all the smart things he did, but securing no relief the young man with the sissy bangs asked the gentleman who had opened the window to close it, which he did promptly. He wasn't even thanked, and the trio kept on talking about persons who opened windows on trains, left doors open, etc.

At Van Buren street Mr. Sissy Bangs and the young ladies, who were dressed in white, arose to go. Turning about, the escort said to the gentleman who had closed the window and who had not been thanked for it:

"Sorry, don't ye know, to make you too warm, but you were soiling the ladies' dresses, which are white. The soot came in the"——

"Here's my card," interrupted the gentleman addressed, who thought he had suffered the cad about long enough—"here's my card. I sympathize heartily with persons who are obliged to economize about their wash, and if you will kindly send me the young ladies' laundry bill I"——

But the girls were gone, and Sissy Boy followed in the midst of a general laugh at his expense.—Chicago Globe.

Told of the Late J. C. Breckinridge.

A good story of General John C. Breckinridge is said to have been told by himself, with evident relish, not long before his death. In talking to some friends about the many kindnesses which had been shown him by his people and the pleasant things which had been said to him, he remarked that he valued as highly as any compliment he had ever received one which an old Kentucky farmer paid him during the war, which had come to his ears only a short time before.

It was the custom in war time, as it has always been at all times, for the country people to come into the county town on Saturday afternoon to exchange news gathered during the week.

At one of these gatherings in a store in Richmond, Ky., just after the battle of Chickamauga, one of the men said he had heard some grand news. Upon being pressed to tell it he said gravely:

"I did hear that thar has been a most powerful fight down in Tennessee, and they says that for a long time it went mighty agin our folks, but that then Mr. Breckinridge come forrard and asked the privilege of the field for just 15 minutes, and they do say that he slew 30,000!"

Which statement was received with due respect by the assembled company, although it appeared to occasion a slight ripple of surprise, much to the narrator's satisfaction.—Youth's Companion.

Charles Keene's Anecdotes.

The anecdotes of Charles Keene, the famous Punch artist, picked up on his own account, are so crisp and fresh that to quote them is enough to indicate the character of the discoverer. Thus he wrote:

"Got a story today of a British farmer on board a steamer, suffering a good deal from the rolling, saying to a friend: 'This capt'n don't understand his business. Dang it, why don't he keep in the furrows?'" And again: "I heard a story of a well brought up child, who was seen to secretly purloin and pocket an orange from the laid-out dinner table, but was afterward seen to enter the empty room and secretly again return it to the dish and triumphantly exclaim, 'Sold again, Satan!'" And: "A story last night of an Aberdonian, who, making a morning call, was asked if he 'wud take a dram.' He soberly declined. 'Twas too airly the day;' besides, he'd had a gill already."—London Athenæum.

One Way of Collecting.

"Are you and Dedbroke really such intimate friends as he tries to make out?"

"I don't know. What does he say?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly, only he creates the general impression that you and he sleep in the same bed."

"Is that so? We never have, but I guess we'll be obliged to unless he finds some way to pay up all the money I've loaned him."—Detroit Tribune.

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Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Maibew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

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Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 485 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

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Div 20—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGoohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4506 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Berwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNelly, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6330 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Roey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superioravy; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, F E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cronin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Ang Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 185 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 238 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 81 Goethe st; Treas, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reedy. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phœnix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Cooney; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3609 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckiug, 1084 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 362 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2053 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2530 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

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Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.95. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $13.

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Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint pings, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Lepaute's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (5 oz.), open face or hunting, $13.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans.....Per dozen, $1.10; per can, 10 cents
2-lb cans Stringless Beans.....Per dozen, .60; per can, 6 cents
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans.....Per dozen, $1.10; per can, 10 cents
2-lb cans Sugar Peas.....Per dozen, .70; per can, 6 cents
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas.....Per dozen, .85; per can, 8 cents
2-lb cans Early June Peas.....Per dozen, $1.10; per can, 10 cents
2-lb cans Extra Sifted E. J. Peas.....Per dozen, $2.25; per can, 19 cents
2-lb cans Majestic Corn.....Per dozen, .80; per can, 7 cents
2-lb cans River Bank Corn.....Per dozen, .95; per can, 8 cents
2-lb cans Eagle Sweet Corn.....Per dozen, .98; per can, 9 cents
2-lb cans Fancy New York Corn.....Per dozen, $1.00; per can, 10 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes.....Per dozen, $1.05; per can, 9 cents
3-lb cans Pie Peaches.....Per dozen, $1.00; per can, 9 cents
3-lb cans Baltimore Table Peaches.....Per dozen, $1.18; per can, 10 cents

3-lb cans California Table Peaches, 3-lb cans Calsfornia Table Pears, 3-lb cans California Egg Plums, 3-lb cans California Green Gages, 3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes, 3-lb cans California Apricots, — **Per Dozen, $1.50; Per Can, 12½c**

2-lb cans Roast Beef.....Per dozen, $1.65; per can, 14 cents
2-lb cans Corn Beef.....Per dozen, $1.65; per can, 14 cents
5-gallon kegs Small Cucumber Pickles for.....$1.69
30-lb pails Pure Fruit Jellys.....59 cents
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly.....49 cents
Best Root Beer.....Per dozen, 49 cents; per bottle, 5 cents
Chow Chow or Mixed Pickles.....Per bottle, 10 cents
Half-pound cans London Cocoa.....Per can, 14 cents
40 lbs Broken Carolina Rice for.....$1.00
30 lbs Whole Carolina Rice for.....$1.00
25 lbs Fancy Carolina Rice for.....$1.00
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Quart Mason Fruit Jars, per doz.....55 cents
Half-gallon Mason Fruit Jars, per doz.....69 cents
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Imported Macaroni, per pound package.....8 cents
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4-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can 90 cents, dozen cans $10.50
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